THE WEEKLY GAZETTE.

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UNCONDITIONAL.

The Purchase Clause of the Sherman Act Repealed.

FREE COINAGE RATIOS REFUSED

The Administration Victory More Complete Than Was Expected—Details of the Vote, and the Final Ballot on Wilson Bill.

	For.	Against.
Free coinage 16 to 1	124	226
Free coinage 17 to 1	100	240
Free coinage 18 to 1	102	239
Free coinage 19 to 1	105	237
Free coinage 20 to 1	119	222
The Bland law	136	213
Unconditional repeal	239	110

WASHINGTON, 28.—The result of the various votes in the House of Representatives yesterday is given above. The majority against free coinage, and for unconditional repeal, was larger even than had been expected by Mr. Wilson and the administration Democrats.

The announcement of the vote on the amendment to the Wilson bill providing for the coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 was received with applause and some surprise at the majority against free coinage, it being nearly double the largest estimate made by the anti silver committee. Mr. Bland, from a seat at the extreme left of the Speaker smiled grimly as he heard the result, nervously chewing and rocking to and fro in his pivot chair.

The figures show that a majority of the Democrats voted against free coinage. Mr Bland asked a yea and nay vote on the question of free coinage at the ratio of 17 to 1, and secured it. As the clerk began calling the roll Mr. Bryan walked down the center aisle, calm and grave, around to where the silver leaders sat. They sat in consultation some time and then Mr. Bryan, by easy stages, made his way back to his own seat. The vote on the question of free coinage at the ratio of 17 to 1 resulted Yeas 100, nays 240.

On this vote, besides the loss of Populist votes, the members of that party withholding their votes, there were several negative votes from those who voted in favor of a ratio of 16 to 1. The slight gains made on the higher ratios was not unexpected by some of the leaders and it was the published impression of those that the ratio of 20 to 1 would poll the largest vote recorded in favor of free coinage The result of the call was yeas 119, nays 222. General Tracey and Mr. Bland were constantly busily engaged in conference with their lieutenants. Lafe Pence, the enthusiastic Populist from Colorado, earnestly assured Amos Cummings of New York that the end was not yet, despite the apparent defeat of the advocates of free coinage. Bourke Cockran did not appear until just as the speaker's gavel fell, but Messrs. Harter, Raynor and Tom L. Johnson, anti silverites, beamed throughout with anticipations of victory.

The first indication of the "game" feeling on both sides was the almost unanimous vote in favor of the ayes and nays on the coinage amendment. Mr. Bland was on his feet promptly with his first amendment and stood up demanding the "regular order" to snuff out Mr McMillin's attempt to create a diversion with an amendment confining free coinage to the American product. "I think I know the amendment the gentleman from Tennessee would propose," said he, in his blunt way. "It is for the free coinage of the American product alone and that is not free coinage at all."

With the close of the roll call the clerk announced a single pair, specifying with great particularity the side on which the members would have voted if present. This is a common custom in the Senate, but very unusual in the House, and indicated with what extreme care the pairing contract was made. It is very uncommon also to find so few members paired and the roll call revealed only eight absentees who had not provided to make their votes count in the total result.

With the wave of applause and jubilation which swept over the hall as the crushing defeat of free coinage was announced the whole house seemed to take a deep breath and to lose interest in what was to follow for the next few votes These were on the various ratios.

The first of the ratio votes were taken amid such a buzzing as fairly drowned the voice of the clerk at times and the few members who were keeping tally on the result had to appeal to the Speaker repeatedly to preserve enough order to make a hearing possible.

Only the "old stagers," on the silver side stood out for the 17 to 1 ratio For the most part that faction was not going to fool with any ratio if it could not get the one it wanted. Man after man who had voted "aye" on the first roll call voted "no" on the second and many others left their seats indifferent to the result. When it came to the 18 to 1 amendment the chorus of dissatisfaction which arose when Mr. Hatch of Missouri insisted on his demand for the yeas and nays showed that the House was in no temper for dilatory delays. It was to be noted that Mr. Bland, to whom this whole business is deadly earnest and not mere tomfoolery, did not join in the demand but lay back in his seat, showing as much composure as he could command.

The vote on the second ratio amendment made a slightly better showing for the silver men, not because of a considerable increase in their vote, but a falling off in the number of their adversaries By the time the third vote was called Mr Bland had recovered his wind enough to make the demand for the yeas and nays himself, although he did not stay in his seat long enough to see how things were going. The anti-silver men also, who had united their efforts to prevent further roll calls, concluded to let the thing go and to put everybody on record on every phase of the question.

Mr. Shell (Dem. of South Carolina in favor of free silver was paired with Mr. Graham (Dem) of New York opposed to it. Not nearly as much interest was taken on the second vote, which was at a ratio of 17 to 1, the decisive vote on the 16 to 1 ratio seemed to dishearten the silver men and in place of the attention which was paid to the first was substituted a listlessness which spread throughout the hall. The vote resulted in the defeat of the amendment by a votes of yeas, 100; nays, 226; the Populist members did not vote. The members who voted for the 16 to 1 ratio, but against the 17 to 1 ratio were Messrs. Bretz (Dem.) of Indiana, Brookshire (Dem.) of Indiana, Bryan (Dem.) of Nebraska, Conn (Dem.) of Indiana, Doolittle (Rep.) of Washington, Geary (Dem.) of California, Harris (Pop.) of Kansas, Holman (Dem.) of Indiana, Latimer (Dem.) of South Carolina, Maguire (Dem.) of California, McKeighan (Pop.) of Nebraska, McLaurin (Dem.) of South Carolina, Post (Rep.) of Illinois, Strait (Dem.) of South Carolina, Sweet (Rep.) of Idaho, Talbert (Dem.) of South Carolina and Taylor (Dem.) of Indiana.

The gentlemen who voted for 16 to 1 but who declined to vote at all on the 17 to 1 amendment were, Messrs. Baker (Pop.) of Kansas, Bankhead (Dem.) of Alabama, Boen (Pop.) of Minnesota, Cannon (Dem.) of California, Cockrell (Dem.) of Texas, Davis (Pop.) of Kansas, Grady (Dem.) of North Carolina, Hudson (Pop.) of Kansas, Kem (Pop.) of Nebraska, Pence (Pop.) of Colorado, Simpson (Pop.) of Kansas, Turpin (Dem.) of Alabama.

Messrs. Russell (Dem.) of Georgia and Snodgrass (Dem.) of Tennessee who voted against 16 to 1, voted in favor of 17 to 1. The 18 to 1 standard was defeated by a vote of—yeas 102, nays 239. Of those who had previously voted on 16 or 17 to 1, the following did not vote at all on the 18 to 1 ratio:

Messrs. Allen (Dem.) of Mississippi, Bankhead (Dem.) of Alabama, Bailey (Dem.) of Texas, Cannon (Dem.) of California, Grady (Dem.) of North Carolina, Livingston (Dem.) of Georgia.

HOW THEY VOTED.

The final vote on the Wilson bill proper, providing for unconditional repeal, was as follows

Yeas—Adams, Alderson, W. Va.; Aldrich, Ill.; Apsley, Mass.; Avery, Mich.; Babcock, Baker, N. H., Baldwin, Minn.; Barnes, Wis.; Bartholdt, Mo.; Bartlett, N. Y.; Barwig, Wis.; Belden, N. Y.; Beltzhoover, Penna.; Berry, Ky.; Bingham, Pa.; Black, Ga., Black, Ill.; Blair, N. H.; Boutelle, Me.; Brattan, Md.; Brawley, S. C.; Breckinridge, Ark.; Breckinridge, Ky.; Bretz, Ind.; Brickner, Wis.; Brookshire, Ind.; Brosius, Pa.; Brown, Ind.; Bunn, N. C.; Burrows, Mich.; Bynum, Ind.; Cabaniss, Ga.; Cadmus, N. J.; Caldwell, O.; Campbell, N. Y.; Cannon, Cal.; Capehart, W. Va.; Caruth, Ky; Catchings, Miss; Causey, Del., Chickering, N. Y.; Childs, Ill.; Clancy, N. Y.; Clarke, Ala.; Cobb, Mo; Cockran, N. Y; Cogswell, Mass.; Compton, Md.; Conn, Ind.; Coombs, N. Y.; Cooper, Fla.; Cooper, Ind.; Cornish, N. J.; Cousins, Ia.; Covert, N. Y.; Crain, Tex.; Cummings, N. Y.; Curtis, N. Y.; Dalzell, Pa.; Daniels, N. Y.; Davey, La.; DeForest, Conn.; Dingley, Me.; Dolliver, Ia.; Donovan, O; Doolittle, Wash.; Draper, Mass.; Dunn, N. J., Dunphy, N. Y.; Durborow, Ill.; Edmunds, Va.; English, N. J.; Erdman, Pa; Everett, Mass, Fellows, N. Y.; Fielder, N. J.; Fitch, N. Y; Fletcher, Minn.; Forman, Ill.; Funk, Ill.; Gardner, N. J.; Gear, Ia.; Geary, Cal.; Geissenhainer, N. J.; Gillet, N. Y.; Gillette, Mass.; Goldzier, Ill; Gorman, Mich.; Gresham, Tex; Grosvenor, O; Grout, Vt.; Haines, N. Y.; Hall, Minn.; Hammond, Ind.; Hare, O.; Harmon, Pa.; Harter, O.; Haugen, Wis.; Hayes, Ia; Heiner, Pa.; Henderson, Ill.; Henderson, Ia; Hendrix, N. Y.; Hicks, Pa.; Hines, Pa.; Hitt, Ill.; Holman, Ind.; Hooker, N. Y.; Hopkins, Ill.; Houk, O.; Houk, Tenn.; Hulick, O; Hull, Ia.; Hunter, Ill.; Johnson, Ind; Johnson, N. Dak.; Johnson, O.; Joy, Mo.; Kiefer, Minn.; Kribbs, Pa.; Lacey, Ia.; Lapham, R. I.; Lawson, Ga.; Layton, O.; Lefevre, N. Y.; Lester, Ga.; Lilly, Pa.; Linton, Mich.; Lisle, Ky.; Lockwood, N. Y.; Loudenslager, N. J.; Lynch, Wis; Magner, N. Y.; Mahon, Pa.; Marsh, Ill.; Martin, Ind.; Marvin, N. Y.; McAleer, Penn.; McCall, Mass, McCleary, Minn.; McCreary, Ky.; McDannold, Ill.; McDowell, Pa.; McEttrick, Mass; McGann, Ill.; McKaig, Md., McMillin, Tenn.; McNagny, Ind.; Mercer, Neb; Meredith, W. Va; Meyer, La; Milliken, Me.; Montgomery, Ky.; Moon, Mich.; Morse, Mass.; Mutchler, Pa.; Northway, O.; Oates, Ala.; O'Ferrall, Va; O'Neil, Mass.; O'Neill, Pa.; Outhwaite, O; Paige, R. I.; Paschal, Tex.; Patterson, Tenn.; Paynter, Ky.; Payne, N. Y, Pearson, O; Pendleton, Tex, Pendleton, W. Va; Perkins, Ia; Phillips, Pa.; Piggott, Conn; Post, Ill., Powers, Vt. Price, La; Randall, Mass.; Ray, N.Y.; Rayner, Md; Reed, Me., Reilly, Pa.; Reyburn, Pa; Richards, O.; Richardson, Mich.; Ritchie, O.; Robinson, Pa; Rusk, Md.; Russell, Conn; Ryan, N. Y; Schermerhorn, N. Y.; Scranton, Pa.; Settle, N. C.; Shaw, Wis; Sherman, N. Y.; Sickles, N. Y.; Sipe, Pa.; Somers, Wis.; Sperry, Conn.; Springer, Ill.; Stephenson, Mich.; Stevens, Mass.; Charles W. Stone, Pa.; William A. Stone, Pa.; Stone, Ky.; Storer, O; Strong, O.; Swanson, Va, Talbott, Md.; Tawney, Minn.; Taylor, Ind.; Thomas, Mich.; Tracey, N. Y.; Tucker, Va; Turner, Ga; Turpin, Ala.; Tyler, Va.; Updegraff, Ia.; Vanvoorhis, N. Y.; Vanvoorhis, O.; Wadsworth, N. Y.; Walker, Mass; Wanger, Pa.; Warner, N. Y.; Washington, Tenn.; Waugh, Ind.; Weadock, Mich.; Wells, Wis.; Wever, N.Y.; Wheeler, Ill.; White, O.; Whiting, Mich.; Wilson, O; Wilson, W. Va; Wise, Va; Wolverton, Pa.; Woomer, Pa; Wright, Mass.; Wright, Pa.—Total 240.

Nays—Abbott, Tex; Aitken, Mich.; Alexander, N. C.; Allen, Miss., Arnold, Mo.; Bailey, Tex.; Baker, Kan.; Bankhead, Ala; Bell, Colo; Bell, Tex.; Blanchard, La.; Bland, Mo; Boatner, La.; Boen, Minn.; Bowers, N C; Bowers, Ca.; Branch, N. C; Broderick, Kan.; Bryan, Neb; Burns, Mo.; Caminetti, Ca., Cannon, Ill.; Clark, Mo.; Cobb, Ala; Cockrell, Tex.; Coffeen, Wyo.; Cooper, Tex; Cox, Tenn.; Crawford, N. C.; Culberson, Tex; Curtis, Neb.; Davis, Kan.; Dearmond, Mo.; Denson, Ala; Dinsmore, Ark.; Dockery, Mo.; Ellis, Ky.; Ellis, Ore.; Enloe, Tenn.; Epes, Va.; Fithian, Ill.; Funston, Kan.; Fyan, Mo.; Goodnight, Ky.; Grady, N. C.; Hager, Ia.; Hainer, Neb.; Hall, Mo.; Harris, Kan.; Hartman, Mon.; Hatch, Mo.; Heard, Mo.; Henderson, N. C.; Hepburn, Ia.; Hermann, Ore.; Hilborn, Cal.; Hooker, Miss.; Hopkins, Pa.; Hudson, Kan.; Hutchinson, Tex.; Ikirt, O.; Jones, Va.; Kem, Neb.; Kilgore, Tex.; Kyle, Miss.; Lane, Ill.; Latimer, S. C.; Livingston, Ga.; Loud, Cal.; Lucas, S. D.; Maddox, Ga.; Maguire, Cal.; Mallory, Fla.; Marsh, Ill.; McCulloch, Ark.; McDearmon, Tenn.; McKeighan, Neb.; McLaurin, S. C.; McRae, Ark.; Meiklejohn, Neb.; Money, Miss.; Morgan, Mo.; Moses, Ga.; Murray, S. C.; Neill, Ark.; Newlands, Nev.; Pence, Colo.; Pickler, S. D.; Richardson, Tenn.; Robbins, Ala; Robertson, La.; Sayres, Tex.; Sibley, Pa.; Simpson, Kan.; Smith, Ill.; Snodgrass, Tenn.; Stallings, Ala.; Stockdale, Miss.; Straight, S. C.; Sweet, Idaho; Talbert, S. C.; Tarsney, Mo.; Tate, Ga.; Taylor, Tenn.; Terry, Ark.; Wheeler, Ala.; Williams, Ill.; Williams, Miss.; Wilson, Wash.; Woodard, N. C.—Total 110.

Carlisle is Happy.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—All the members of the administration took the greatest interest in the votes on the Wilson bill, Secretary Carlisle especially so. He received in his office in the Treasury Department the official announcement of the several votes as soon as they were flashed across the wires. When the first vote was received which showed that free coinage at the ration of 16 to 1 was beaten by 102 majority, he said the majority was greater than he had anticipated and that he would have been satisfied with sixty majority.

At the conclusion of all the votes Secretary Carlisle stated to the United Press representative that he was very much gratified at the result and felt that it would do much to restore public confidence. He expressed the hope "that the Senate would take speedy action on the silver question."

MANTLE AND ALLEN REJECTED.

Voorhees Promises Prompt Action on the Wilson Bill.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—The Senate today by the vote of 32 to 29 decided Mr. Mantle of Montana and Mr. Allen of Washington are not entitled to seats and that a Governor of a State has not the right to appoint a Senator to fill the vacancies caused by the expiration of a regular term not happening by resignation. The House bill to repeal the Sherman act was laid before the Senate and referred to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Voorhees announced there would be prompt action by the committee tomorrow.

The bill allowing the banks to increase their circulation up to the par value of the bonds deposited by them, was taken up, the question being on the amendment of Mr. Cockrell, that the redemption of such 2 per cent bonds as may be made and the payment therefor received in a new issue of Treasury notes. The vote was taken without discussion and the amendment was rejected—yeas 23, nays 29. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

McCreary's Monetary Commission.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—Representative McCreary of Kentucky has prepared the joint resolution which he will introduce at the earliest opportunity, providing for an investigation of the monetary question. Mr. McCreary says there have been but two commissions on this subject in recent years, the one in this country of 1873, and the Herschel commission which has recently made its report. The United States commission, he says, was of vast benefit, preparing the way for the Bland-Allison act of 1878 and, so far as that went, remonetizing silver, and the British commission has had an immense influence on Europe in favor of bimetallism.

"They Can't Do It, You Know."

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., Aug. 29.—Yesterday B. S. Barnes telegraphed to Secretary Smith, asking if settlers would be allowed to make the run from the Chiloeco, Osage and Ponca reservations. This morning he received a telegram from S. W. Lamoreaux, the commissioner, which settles the question of points from which the run can legally be made, and which reads as follows:

"President's proclamation reserves Chiloeco, Osage and Ponca reservations from lands to be opened. I have no authority to grant parties permission to go thereon."

Confidence Returning in Denver.

DENVER, Aug. 29.—The German National bank opened its doors for business at the regular hour this morning. This is one of the oldest banks in the west and one of the last to suspend during the July panic. Soon as the doors were opened County-Treasurer Hart deposited $20,000, Appel & Co., the clothing merchants, $25,000, several others deposited nearly as large amounts, while the line of smaller depositors reached to the street. The other two suspended banks expect to resume this week.

Some Sensible Strikers.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Aug. 29.—A general mass meeting of the striking coal miners was held this afternoon, and after discussing the question it was decided by an almost unanimous vote to declare the strike at an end and return to work at the old scale. A committee was appointed to wait upon the various officials and inform them of the action taken by the meeting. It is expected that all the mines will soon be in full operation.

Kansas City Live Stock.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 29.—Hogs—Receipts 12,000; slow; pigs and lights, $5.30@5.50; medium, $5.10@5.30; heavy, $4.90@5.10.

Cattle—Receipts 8000; slow; native steers, best, $4.10@4.35; fair to good, $3.40@4.10; cows and heifers, best, $2.10@3.00; fair to good, $1.55@2.00; bulls, $1.30@2.00; calves, $5.00@8.00; stockers and feeders, $2.15@3.25.

The State National bank at Denver will probably open its doors for business this morning having had the permission of the comptroller for several days.

TELLER IS STARTED.

Our Senator Begins Another Great Speech on Silver.

THE VOORHEES BILL REPORTED.

Senator Stewart Wants to Know Whether There is to be a Deficiency in the Government Revenues—Other Senate Proceedings.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—Mr. Voorhees, chairman of the Finance committee, reported back the House bill repealing part of the Sherman act, with an amendment in the nature of a substitute. He asked that the bill be placed on the calendar, and he gave notice that he should ask the Senate to take it up and consider it immediately after the morning business from this time on until final action be taken. The substitute, he said, was exactly the bill heretofore reported from the Finance committee. He understood that notice of an intention to address the Senate had been given by the Senator from Georgia (Mr. Gordon) and the Senator from Ohio (Mr. Sherman), and he suggested that their remarks might be made on the bill which he had just reported. He explained further that the bill as reported from the Finance committee was identical with that passed by the House so far as concerned the repeal of the purchasing clauses of the Sherman act; and that, from that point on, there was a certain matter in the substitute which was not in the House bill and which, in his judgment, improved it and made it more acceptable.

Mr. Teller objecting to Mr. Voorhees's bill being taken up to-day, it went over, under the rules, until to-morrow.

WHAT GOVERNMENT COSTS.

The resolution offered yesterday by Mr. Stewart, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the Senate whether there was a deficiency in the revenues of the government during the current; and, if so, what is the probable amount of such deficiency, and whether legislation is necessary to supply such deficiency, gave rise to a long discussion. Senator Sherman (Rep.) of Ohio, Voorhees (Dem.) of Indiana, Mills (Dem.) of Texas, McPherson (Dem.) of New Jersey and Harris (Dem.) of Tennessee opposed the resolution as calling for problematical statements as calculated to create needless alarm or reflecting on the Secretary of the Treasury.

A motion to refer the resolution to the Finance committee was made by Mr. Voorhees.

Mr. Hill and Mr. Stewart of Nevada opposed the motion. Mr. Hill declared that he had as much confidence in the Secretary of the Treasury as the Senator from Indiana had; but he could see no danger to the country from the adoption of the resolution.

Mr. Stewart defended the resolution. Finally the resolution was referred to the Finance committee; yeas 40, nays 16.

The Senators voting nay were Messrs. Allison, Call, Dubois, Hansbrough, Hill, Irby, Jones (Nevada), Kyle, Lindsay, Peffer, Power, Shoup, Stewart, Teller, White (California), and Wolcott.

Mr. Dolph (Rep.) of Oregon introduced a bill which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations (appropriating $500,000 to enable the Secretary of the Treasury to enforce the Chinese exclusion act.

Mr. Gordon (Dem.) of Georgia addressed the Senate in favor of the unconditional repeal of the purchasing clauses of the Sherman act, and the repeal of the 10 per cent. tax on State banks.

TELLER TO THE FORE.

Mr. Teller (Rep.) of Colorado addressed the Senate in an argument to prove that the Sherman law is not responsible for the financial troubles of the country. Almost without exception, he said, every one who had addressed the Senate had spoken as if there was some calamity impending over the people of the United States. He wanted to enter his protest against the "calamity howlers of the Senate."

There undoubtedly was a financial stringency. But was this the first time that the people of the United States had faced a financial stringency or in common terms a panic? Was it of longer duration than any preceding one? Was it more frightful in character than ordinary panics? He denied it. There was a disturbed financial condition of unusual character and it seemed to him that the first thing to do would be to inquire what brought it about. He could not see how the issue of 150 millions of treasury notes, for the purchase of silver bullion, could have brought about the existing distress. If the government had bought the silver and dumped it in the sea it would have had no influence on the finances of the world—and the existing disturbance was as wide as the world. There had been no logical attempt on the floor of the Senate (and there would not be any) to show that the Sherman law was the root of the evil with which the country was struggling.

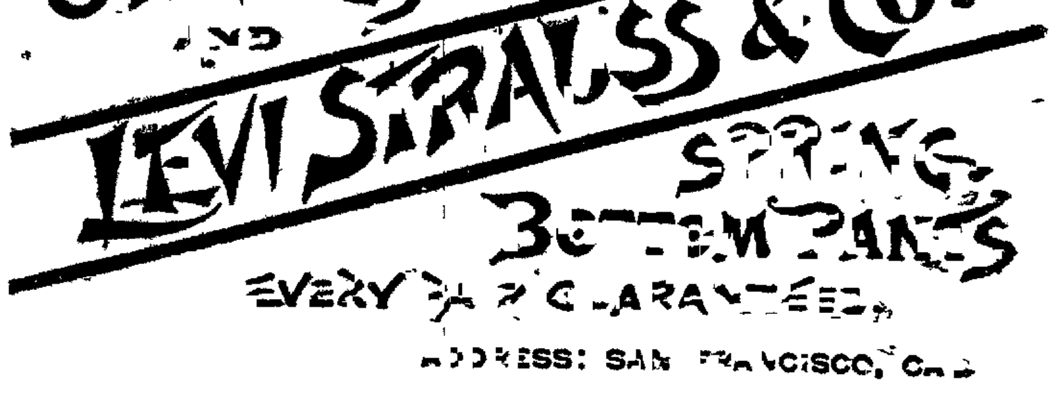
He challenged any Senator to tell the Senate, and to tell the American people, that he believed that the people had brought about the panic because they were afraid of their money. If he did he would be under obligation to cite some instance where the American people had exhibited fright and fear of their money. There had been taken from the banks since early last spring at least $150,000,000 by men who were dissatisfied with the present condition of things. They had taken out their money and put it away; but they had not demanded gold. They took whatever currency they could get. He challenged the banks to show that any bank depositor had demanded to be paid in any particular kind of money. The reports from the Treasury department would show that these people who drew out greenbacks and treasury notes did not rush to the treasury for gold.

He had been in the city of Denver when four banks (all solvent) were closed. He had been on the street when the crowd had gathered and asked the people what the trouble was and he was told (almost with one universal voice), "We do not know what the trouble is. We have been told that there is to be a great financial disturbance in the country. We do not know whether the banks will be able to pay us our money when we want it; and we think it is safest to get it now."

A MANUFACTURED PANIC.

Those predictions of coming evil, Mr. Teller said, had emanated from the New York banks and newspapers and he proceeded to discuss the course taken by the New York banks in refusing to pay their depositors' checks in currency, and in trying to work up public opinion in favor of the repeal of the Sherman act. He quoted reported interviews with the secretary and criticised the views attributed to him—which views had never been denied—that the people of the United States needed an object lesson and were going to get it.

At 4:30, without concluding his remarks, Mr. Teller yielded for a motion to proceed to executive business, and afterwards, at 5:10, the Senate adjourned until to-morrow.



CRISP'S NEW RULES.

Reed and the Speaker Have a Lively Tilt in the House.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—The House met this morning with a greatly diminished attendance of both members and audience. Several changes consequent upon the numerous roll calls of yesterday were made in The Journal.

Mr. Aitken (Rep.) of Michigan offered a resolution providing for a special committee of five members to investigate the Ford's theater disaster, and to determine what action should be taken for the relief of the families of the victims. Referred to the Committee on Rules.

Mr. Catchings (Dem.) of Mississippi then called up the report of the Committee on Rules, reporting the rules for the present House.

The old rules are readopted with no important changes except the provision that 100 shall be a quorum of the committee of the whole and that the committee may limit debate without going back into the House. The rules providing that there shall be no filibustering against a report of the Committee on Rules, and that the committee may bring an order fixing the time for a vote on any proposition are retained. The latter proposition was not in force in the last Congress for the reason it was adopted with the understanding it would never be applied. This time it goes into the rules with no such understanding.

Mr. Reed twitted the Democrats upon their partial approval of the rules of the Fifty-first Congress, but in a humorous vein, contended that they had not gotten enough. He then in a more serious manner argued in favor of the rights of the majority, which rights had been firmly maintained in the Fifty first Congress.

Why not, he said, adopt a system of rules which would give to the majority control and take away from the filibusterer his opportunity to stop the consideration of a measure?

SPEAKER CRISP GOADED TO REPLY.

Then for the first time this session the Speaker took the floor, having called Mr. Richardson (Dem.) of Tennessee into the chair, and replied to the criticisms of the gentleman from Maine He said there were provisions in this code which were taken substantially from the rules of the Fifty-first Congress. Neither himself nor any member of the Committee on Rules would refrain from reporting rules simply because they were part of the rules of the Fifty-first Congress. Very much of those rules were to be commended, very much of those rules had been by the country absolutely condemned. The gentleman from Maine (Reed) when he stood up before the country and spoke of the rules of the Fifty-first Congress failed to speak of the practices adopted before the rules were adopted which were so odious to the country. Applause.

The first action in the Fifty-first Congress which was odious to the country was not an action under any rules, but it was the arbitrary high-handed action on the part of the Speaker without authority of rules, without authority of any one. Applause. When the charges were made against the Fifty-first Congress, let no one forget that the first charge was that without authority of the House, without the authority of the Committee on Rules, the Speaker had exercised a power that had never been granted to him. Applause. He had assumed upon himself the power to count a quorum. The question had gone to the Supreme Court of the United States and the gentleman from Maine had never been justified. He heard the gentleman from Maine several times say that the Supreme Court had justified his course. The Supreme Court had not touched the question. The Supreme Court had said that the House had the right to make a rule for its own government and makes its own provisions for the ascertainment of the presence of a quorum, but it had never said that the Speaker should make the rules. Applause.

In the Fifty-second Congress there had been opposition to the operation of the rules that had prevailed in the Fifty-first Congress. Instead of following the old method, when filibustering could not have been stayed, instead of following the rules of the Fifty-first Congress, the Fifty second Congress had taken a middle course. To him it was a source of pleasure and delight that the people had endorsed that course and had returned a large Democratic majority to the House. The people had decided that they did not believe that a man sent here as their representative should become their master. Applause

REED IN HIS ELEMENT.

Mr. Reed in reply said that it was unusual for the presiding officer of this body to leave his exalted position and to partake in the discussion on the floor. It was even a question whether he ought to do it all. But of this action he made no question. The gentleman from Georgia (Crisp) alone was the judge of his action. If that gentleman did not believe that the other members of the Committee on Rules were adequate for their discussion it was for him to decide when his powerful aid should be thrown into the balance. He (Reed) regretted that the Speaker had taken the floor—not only on general principles, but because he had introduced into the debate a certain amount of partisanship, thereby showing that though the rest of the House had survived the measures of the Fifty first Congress, the present Speaker had not. To what had been said about him personally he would not reply for he would not allow this debate to degenerate into a personal question.

This was a public question, and as such he would treat it. He believed that the policy of the Fifty first Congress had received the approval of the Supreme Court. If he had their support he could do without the support of any individual who headed the opposition. He regretted that the Democrats had merely adopted one half of the rules of the Fifty first Congress, but they were on the road to adopting them all. He was reasonable in asking the Democratic party to catch up with the Republican party within the next four years. Applause.

The debate was continued by Springer (Dem.) of Illinois, Boatner (Dem.) of Louisiana, Hooker (Dem) of Michigan, Pickler (Rep.) of South Dakota, Cummings (Dem.) of New York, Hepburn (Rep.) of Iowa and Bryan (Dem) of Nebraska.

Then the subject was dropped and Springer (Dem. of Illinois introduced a bill to provide for the coinage of the seigniorage silver in the Treasury. Referred.

The House then at 5:15 adjourned.

Cherokee Strip Boomers.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., Aug. 28.—More trouble is certain to occur when the Strip is opened than when Oklahoma was opened. The country is full of "Sooners," and the feeling against them is very strong. If any of them come out to register they will be closely watched and prevented from re-entering if possible. There is said to be a "Sooner" scheme on foot, however, by which parties out of the Strip will get certificates for "Sooners" now in, and take them in to them. The "Sooners" are mainly located along Turkey creek and other small streams running into the Arkansas river and along the borders of the Ponca and Otter reservations. The troops are inadequate to properly patrol the Strip, as only one troop of cavalry, containing sixty men, are here to handle the whole Strip. The Missouri Pacific railroad brought in three car loads of boomers this morning, one from Wisconsin and one from Iowa Wagons pass almost continuously through the town to the camps along the river. The trains continue to come in with crowds of men of all conditions who are unencumbered with baggage and who belong to the town lot contingent. If every man who has declared his intention of getting a town lot succeeds, large cities will spring up all over the Strip.

Cut on the U. P.

OMAHA, Neb, Aug 28.—A general order was issued by the management of the Union Pacific this evening reducing the pay of the employees according to the schedule per month:

On salaries from $60 to $100, 10 per cent; $100 to $200, 12 and 12½ per cent; $200 to $500, 15 per cent, over $500, 20 per cent

According to agreement organized labor must have a notice of thirty days before reducing the pay. In respect to unorganized labor the schedule will go into effect Sept. 1. The engineers do not take kindly to the cut and murmers of a strike are heard. The heads of organized labor bodies have sent out propositions on the cut to be voted on at meetings to be held and until the result is known the exact feeling concerning the reduction cannot be ascertained.

Trouble Expected in Kansas.

PITTSBURG, Kan, Aug. 28.—At a meeting of miners held at Kirkwood, Saturday night, it was unanimously agreed to accept the offer of 50 and 36 cents per ton, summer and winter, made by the Weir Coal company. Saturday morning Superintendent Kirkwood gave it out that a stockade would be built and negroes put to work. This brought the strikers to their senses and a meeting was called for Saturday night with the above result. The leader of the strikers attempted to stop this action but was hissed and ordered to sit down. Strike leaders will go to Kirkwood to-night and trouble is expected.

ACROSS THE WATER.

Next Friday Will Settle the Fate of the Home Rule Bill.

THE WILY OLD MAN.

He Has Promised All Sorts of Things to All Sorts of People—The French Electors Have Forgotten Panama.

LONDON, Aug. 26.—The last stages of the home rule debate in the House of Commons will begin on next Wednesday. This beginning of the end will be marked probably by another great speech from Mr. Gladstone, who will make the motion for the third reading. In this supreme and perhaps his final effort for the Irish cause, the aged Premier is likely to touch on a question or two which the government has ignored so far in the exhausting and exhaustive discussion of the bill. The Radicals are confident that he will speak from the heart concerning the threatened rejection of the bill by the Lords, and many Liberals agree with them, that without a reference to the hostile attitude of the Upper House, Mr. Gladstone's speech must be found wanting at a crucial point.

After Mr. Gladstone will come all the masters of oratorical fire whom the opposition can muster. Mr. Goschen, chancellor of the exchequer, in the last Salisbury administration, is expected to make the first reply to Mr. Gladstone. As he is not a debater of the first order, however, the interest of the Unionists has been concentrated on the attack which Joseph Chamberlain, the Judas of the recent scene in the House, will make on the government on Thursday's sitting and Mr. Balfour, leader of the Unionists, will deliver their final protest against the bill on Friday. John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, Herbert Asquith, home secretary, and Sir William Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer, all debaters of the foremost rank, will probably be the government's champions in this final bout with the opposition. The Home Rule bill will be passed during the Friday night sitting. The rule closing the debate at midnight will be suspended by the government and at about 2 o'clock the division will be taken. This close of the month's struggle will be attended surely with scenes of keen excitement. The government, however, with vivid recollection of the fight that recently disgraced the House, is making every effort to keep feeling below the danger point. All the Gladstonian members have received word from headquarters that they must refrain from any demonstration likely to anger the opposition excessively. If the Irish members restrain their enthusiasm sufficiently to conform to this request, there will be no recurrence of brawls on the floor of the House.

It now has been decided definitely that the Home Rule bill shall be introduced in the House of Lords on Monday, Sept. 4, and will be taken to the second reading on the following day. The division will be made and the bill will be rejected on Sept. 8. Some sort of a compromise at the autumn session is now regarded by many as probable. Mr. Gladstone has made temporary peace with the Scotchmen who were claiming his attention for their demands before they went further with his Irish Home Rule. He has thrown a sop to the Radicals with their Newcastle programme by promising that the next Parliamentary session shall be devoted exclusively to British affairs. He also used the soft answer to turn away the wrath of the Welshmen in the matter of church disestablishment. All this diplomacy has paved the way to a six weeks' holiday after the supply shall have been voted. The autumn session will last until Christmas.

The new French Chamber of Deputies has but 581 Deputies, or three fewer than sat in the last Chamber. The decrease is due to the decrease in the population in certain districts since the last general election. A review of last Sunday's polls shows conclusively that the Panama scandal has been forgotten or forgiven. Joseph Reinach, ex-Minister Rouvier, Jules Reisch, M. Arns and ex-Minister Burdeau, all besmirched with the Panama dirt, will return in triumph to the Palais Bourbon, while Delahaye and Millevoy, their successors, will be left to their own devices in private life. There is little interest in the re-ballots during the first week in September.

The action of the Bank of England in raising the rate of discount to 5 per cent. is commended generally as necessary, in view of the probability that most of the further demands of the United States for gold coin, would be made upon England. Nevertheless, it is remarked, that only three times in the last twenty-five years has the rate been so high in August—once in 1870; again in 1878, when the Glasgow bank collapsed, and last in 1890, after the failure of the Barings. The disturbed state of the financial atmosphere continues practically unchanged. Forty lacs of India council drafts were again offered on Wednesday. Only two and twelfths lacs were applied for and there were no sales. All offers were lower than [illegible] pence. During the last eight weeks the India council has offered 1350 lacs of council drafts and has sold but twelve. In the face of the council's accruing sterling obligation, the inability to sell bills compels the question whether a gold loan or an issue of treasury bills may not become necessary. The Statist and other financial authorities urge that the council's wisest policy is to sell at the market price, the objections to the loan being numerous and valid. The silver market has been active. India bought freely for the Bazaars and China was hardly less active as a purchaser, chiefly for forward delivery.

Yachtsmen deplore as boorish the mistake of the Royal Western club in ruling the American yacht Navahoe out of the race for the Queen's cup at Plymouth on August 29. The step was taken on account that a foreign vessel would not be a proper contestant. Few have forgotten that formerly an invitation to take part in this race was extended to Americans and refused by them. The expectation that the change of captains would benefit the Navahoe has not yet been realized. Captain Crocker sailed the yacht yesterday and to-day with hardly more success than her former captain had. Many believe that Royal Phelps Carroll, the Navahoe's owner, is holding back with some new man whom he will bring out to work wonders with her in the cup races.

There is a rumor abroad that the Emperor William has ordered a 90-footer which he will enter to win the American cup in case the Valkyrie is defeated.

Edinburgh Gets a New Title.

BERLIN, Aug. 26.—The succession of the Duke of Edinburgh to the rulership of the Duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha dominates public interest in Germany, and widely divergent rumors in regard to the matter are everywhere circulated. Putting all these aside there is no doubt that the succession of an English duke has surprised and dissatisfied the nation, though the fact is quietly accepted by the Duchies concerned. It is probable that the Emperor would have preferred that Prince Alfred, the only son of the Duke of Edinburgh, should have succeeded Duke Ernest. Indeed it is believed that His Majesty hastened to the Ducal Castle of Reinhardsbrunn as soon as possible after the death of Duke Ernest with the hope that he might induce his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, to waive his claims to the succession in favor of Prince Alfred. His Majesty is reported to have told the Duke that under any circumstances a regency would be impossible, and that he must take the throne himself or abandon all connection with the Duchies. Finding the Duke firm in his determination to forego none of his rights and also finding that his mother, Queen Victoria, was supporting him in his attitude, the Emperor put on the best face possible and acquiesced in the Duke's succession. He attended the ceremony of the administration of the oath of office to the German constitution, being unwilling to again excite friction with the family of his mother, the Empress. The Empress Frederick, it will be recalled, is the older sister of the Duke of Edinburgh.

IOWA DEMOCRATS.

Boies Renominated for Governor—The Silver Plank.

DES MOINES, Ia., Aug. 23.—The Democratic State convention this afternoon, by a rising vote which was entirely unanimous, and with cheers which were many times repeated, for the third time placed Horace Boies in nomination for Governor. The report last night that he would refuse was all that was needed to secure him the honor in the face of his letter of two weeks ago opposing third terms, and expressing a determination to retire to private life. The silver question was adjusted before the convention met and the resolution adopted re-affirming the Chicago platform of last year and expressing confidence in the administration of Grover Cleveland. The platform devotes particular attention to State issues.

Lieutenant-Governor Bestow was also re-nominated, as against G. B. McFall of Oskaloosa. For supreme judge, John Cliggett; for railroad commissioner, ex-Congressman Tom Bowman.

The platform adopted lauds the administration of Governor Boies; expresses confidence in the administration of Grover Cleveland; asks for relief from tariff taxation by repeal of the McKinley law; favors just and liberal pensions; reaffirms belief in the Iowa railroad law; favors weekly payments of wages; opposes trusts; and demands a single non-partisan board of control for State institutions.

The financial and liquor questions are dealt with as follows:

We denounce the Republican legislation known as the Sherman act of 1890 as a cowardly makeshift which has brought the present financial perils and troubles upon us, and demand the immediate repeal of the silver purchasing clause thereof, and with the national Democratic convention of 1892, we hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and the coinage of both gold and silver without discrimination against either metal or charge for mintage, but the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, or be adjusted through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintainance of the parity of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets, and in payment of debts; and we demand that all paper currency shall be kept at par with and redeemable in such coin.

And as a parting reparation for the unjust confiscation of private property caused by the prohibitory law we favor such legislation as will permit the manufacture of spirituous and vinous liquors within the State, thereby giving to our own people at least equal rights in this respect with the manufacturers of other States.

Cholera Increases.

BERLIN, Aug. 25.—Three bargemen are reported to have died of cholera today. Four deaths from cholera have occurred in Noussa, near Dusseldorf, in the last twenty-four hours. One of the fatal cases was aboard the Rhine steamer Maria from Rotterdam.

AT ANTWERP.

ANTWERP, Aug. 25.—There are daily in this city two or three cases of cholera. The United States consul here has received a telegram from the American consul in London and another from the United States consul at Havre stating that in consequence of the new quarantine regulations adopted by the Louisiana State Board of Health in respect to immigration from cholera infected ports the embarkation of emigrants bound from Antwerp via London or Havre for New Orleans, has ceased.

IN HUNGARY.

VIENNA, Aug. 25.—Four fresh cases of cholera and six deaths were reported in Szaboles to-day. Isolated cases were found in Szathmar, a county in East Hungary, and Berega, a county westward from the Theiss.

THE STANDARD'S REPORT.

LONDON, Aug. 25.—The Vienna correspondent of The Standard telegraphed: "The cholera is slowly but steadily spreading in the great center of the population in Galicia, and Hungary where it is difficult to eradicate it. To-day a case was reported in Pressburg, thirty-four miles from the capital."

Bynum's Cut in the Record.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—Late Pence has scored a bigger victory than any other man who ever sat in the national Congress. He is going to secure the publication of a cut in to-morrow's Congressional Record, and such an unheard-of thing was never done before. It is the cut which appeared in a Denver paper showing an immense silver collar with the head of Representative Bynum at the top and his feet below. This cut was made when Bynum made his silver speech in Denver.

It seems that Pence during his speech yesterday secured unanimous consent to do this. By this action an old rule established by this sleepy Congressional publication has been smashed into "smithereens."

It Speaks for Colorado Democracy.

It is plain to any man of intelligence that the only hope for a free silver bill is in a compromise on the ratio. There are thousands of men who believe in the justice of the demand for silver remonetization, but insist that the ratio shall be fixed as nearly as possible to the parity between the metals in bullion. This opinion is shared by a great many members and Senators in Congress, and while there is no chance for a 16 to 1 bill there is a practical certainty that a 20 to 1 bill will pass. That will make the coinage value of silver bullion $1.05 an ounce, and will guarantee prosperity to the mining industry in this State.—Denver Evening Post.

A LITTLE GAME OF DRAW.

He Was a Novice, but He Had a Bit of Leadville Experience.

There was a little game of draw on the other night. Four friends sat around the table. One of them was a novice. He had never played a game of poker in his life, but he was not averse to paying for a little instruction, he said, and besides he had to have something to do whereby to while away what would otherwise be a very stupid night.

He asked all sorts of foolish questions and threw his chips in so recklessly that his three friends were sorry for him. It did seem to be a shame for him to lose so much money, but then he wanted to play, and it wasn't their fault if they held the better hands. Finally a jack pot came around, and the novice, who sat next to the opener, raised the ante to the limit. Some one else saw him and went him a chip or two better. Then the novice tilted her to the limit again, and after he had once more looked over his hand and asked, "What did you say a straight flush would beat?"

The other players gasped. One of them said that it would beat anything in the pack but a royal flush, and the three promptly threw up their hands. The novice smiled blandly as he raked in the big stack of chips. Then he threw his hand down on the table. It was a simple straight, and that was all.

"What did you say that was a straight flush for?" asked one of the others, who had laid down three sevens and a pair of jacks.

"Well," said the novice, "it is, ain't it? They're all red, and they run along in a sequence."

Then the three carefully explained that the cards had to be all of one suit to be a flush, and after much questioning the novice seemed to understand.

The game went along for a time. Hands ran low, and not many chips changed owners. About 1 o'clock there was another jack pot. The novice raised the opener to the limit again, and the next man, who had fours, came back at him with another big raise. The other players staid, and the novice raised back. This made a pot with considerably over $100 in it. Everybody staid on the last raise, and the dealer said, "Cards, gentlemen," in a subdued sort of voice.

"Hold on!" blurted the novice, "I want to ask another question. I'm a little mixed on this straight flush business. If I've got five cards of the same suit and they form a sequence, I've got a straight flush, have I not?"

The other players remembered the former jack pot and winked at each other. They hastened to assure the novice that his supposition was correct, and the man with fours followed the opener's chip bet with a raise to the limit. The bright smile that came over the novice's face when he learned what a straight flush was had not faded. He was actually anxious to get his chips into the center of the table. He raised back to the limit.

"That's a good bluff," said the man with fours, and he tilted back.

The two others who had been trailing with fairly good hands at the time dropped out, and the novice and the man with fours bet until there was nearly $500 on the table. Then the man with fours grew compassionate and said to the novice: "Now, I don't want to make the learning of this game too expensive for you. Your little bluff went once, but it won't go this time, so I'll just call you."

Then the novice laid down a straight flush in clubs, running from seven to jack, and the man with fours fell back in his seat in a helpless condition. When he recovered, he said slowly: "I'll quit this game. Such a confounded fool as you couldn't learn to play poker in 10,000 years."

"I don't doubt that," replied the novice as he cashed in his chips. "They used to tell me the same thing when I was in Leadville."—Buffalo Express.

Steamboating on the Missouri.

As the railroads of the present day contest for supremacy in speed and good service, so did the steamboats of 30 and 40 years ago struggle for position in the public eye. The point in contest was always that of speed. In those days trade on the Missouri was prosperous. At least 100 boats ascended the stream every season before July, many of them going as far as Fort Benton, in Montana. A boat that made this trip and returned to St. Louis in two months without a profit of $75,000 did a poor business. Those were the days when freight was freight. No competing vessel cut the rates. The boats ran independently, and when one captain fixed the tariff there was no other boat to be found that would offer cheaper transportation.—Detroit Free Press.

One of the most magnificent views of the fair is from Lake Michigan at night. Steaming down from the city, the shore lights gleam and twinkle all the way and the fair itself is an illumined dream. The fireworks cast red lights on the enormous white buildings and the peristyle stands glowing against the lighted grand basin, with its surmounting statues outlined against the drifting smoke. Shouts of the crowds on shore float out across the iridescent waves, the crash of bombs re-echo doubly, stars shower about one and the smoke from rockets high in the air takes on odd, fantastic shapes.

The poets will celebrate Aug. 29 at the fair. Director of Works Burnham, Mr. Frank Millet and artists are at work preparing for the day. Mr. Henry Lee will spend his time at Jackson park supervising the artistic preparations and Mr. Duncan Harrison is now in New York closing up the arrangements for the appearance of some noted players. An open air production of "As You Like It" will be given

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

SOME GREAT LONDON HOLIDAY RESORTS.

Ancient and Sunny Scarborough Beside the North Sea—Its Bay as Beautiful as That of Naples—A Spa with a Curious History and a Woman as Discoverer—A Gray Old Town of Gray Old Stairs Jumbled About the Finest Beach in Europe—Its Ancient Castle Ruins and Modern Characterful Crowds.

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SCARBOROUGH, England, Aug. 12.—Scarborough, over here on the North Sea, is the greatest seaside resort on the eastern coast of England. For vast crowds it is like Southport on the west and Brighton on the south coast. It has been a watering place for nearly 250 years. Before that good fortune, it was little else than a dreary fishing port, with a great, grim castle dominating hamlet and harbor; and a wise woman, who used her eyesight and other senses, was primarily responsible for Scarborough's transformation from obscurity to opulence and renown.

"Mrs. Farrow, a sensible and intelligent lady, who lived at Scarborough about the year 1650, sometimes walked along the shore, and observing the stones over which the waters (from a cliffside spring) passed to have received a russet color, and finding it to have an acid taste different from the common springs, and to receive a purple tincture from galls, thought it might probably have a medicinal property. Having, therefore, made an experiment herself, and persuaded others to do the same, it was found to be efficacious in some complaints, and became the usual physic of the inhabitants. It was afterwards in great reputation with the citizens of York, and the gentry of the county, and at length was so generally recommended that persons of quality came from a great distance to drink it; preferring it before all others they had formerly frequented; even the Italian, French and German spaws."

Thus runs the ancient, ungrammatic but truthful chronicle. Dame Farrow has only a few lines in Scarborough local history and no monument. These are the only really mean things you will find about the winsome old town. The "spaw" the good dame recovered in a spa which has a curious history of its own. Nearly fifty years after its discovery, the spa was provided with cisterns or wells for collecting the waters. To protect these from the encroachment of the sea, a stout staith of stone bound by timbers was erected around the wells. Forty years later a great mass of the cliff above containing nearly an acre of pasture land, sunk perpendicularly for several yards. As this huge mass of cliff went down, the sand about the staith, some distance from the subsiding cliff, shot up into the air to a height of from thirty to fifty feet, an entire mass nearly 100 feet broad and 300 feet long. The wells ascended with the staith and sand, but the spa itself was lost completely, and was only recovered after long and diligent search, and great expense upon the part of the inhabitants. Local folk-lore holds to the belief that this was just judgment for Scarborough's ingratitude in forgetting its debt of obligation to Dame Farrow.

But after knowing Scarborough, I believe had there been no Dame Farrow, and no "spaw;" no earthquake and no rediscovery; no grand Spa saloon in the Italian-Renaissance style, accommodating several thousand people, opened by the Lord Mayor of London; no spacious promenades or grand Cliff Bridge across the shadowy ravine; no grand aquarium, said to be the finest in the world; no splendid orchestra of 200 to 300 performers; no broad sea-wall promenade, and no countless sheltered walks, grottoes and bowers; and no high-sounding names of North Chalybeate and South Salt-well, that the glorious face Scarborough sets to the German ocean, its finest beach in Europe, and all the magic it takes from the mighty sea, would have made the charming old town all that it now is to countless thousands who loiter here for pleasure, rest or health. For back of ancient Scarborough town is Manchester and Keighley and Bradford and Wakefield and York and Huddersfield and Leeds, humming with spindles and clanging with cranes, and the coal pits of Lancashire and Yorkshire and Notts, where there are hundreds of thousands of strivers, white or grimy from endless toil. Often there are half an hundred thousand of such as these at Scarborough. It is at such times that one may know, if he will use his eyes, how precious a thing is the glint of the waves, the cool touch of the golden sands, the whispered lullaby and mysteries of the sea, and all the beneficence of God's blessed sunlight kissing through life-giving airs the pallor from out these toil-scarred faces, to unused, eager eyes and haunted, hungry hearts.

Scenically considered, Scarborough and harbor remind you instantly of Naples and its wondrous bay. Where it not for the mythologic, historic and poetic associations with which all the beautiful environs of Naples are rife, a favor of which cannot but at some time and in some way touch the fancy of every traveler of sympathetic and receptive mind, I believe old Scarborough and harbor, at least when viewed from the sea, would prove to the beholder a more beautiful scene. Like the bay of Naples, Scarborough harbor has a noble, crescent-shaped sweep from cliff to headland. It has not a mysterious and awful Vesuvius behind, but it has a second crescent of verdure-clad hills, a circling thread of emerald above the checkered line of white and red where people its comfortable ancient homes. It has no Posilipo above whose vineyard heights were the Georgics and the Æneid composed and where still sleeps a gentle Virgil, but dreadful and wierd were its scourges and sieges from the time of Harold Hardrada to the first Charles. It had no Tasso as had the olive and chestnut groves of Naples' Sorrento. But the splendid ruins of its once majestic head and castle preserve, in the fact of his year's imprisonment here, the memory of one who accomplished as much for humanity as Virgil and Tasso together—the brave and gentle founder of the Society of Friends; and somehow, in all the splendid scene, while you may miss the half oriental color of the dazzling view beneath Italian skies, there comes to you a heartier, nobler sense of kinship with habitation and humankind, earth and sky and ocean, that win completely to the brave old Saxon town which sets on Roman walls beside the Northern sea.

From Castle Hill the South Sands circle away nearly two miles to the south. The foreshore is fully a fourth of a mile in width, with the gentlest possible declination into the sea, and each receding tide leaves it as smooth, hard and sweet as a newly scrubbed pine floor. Down to this finest beach in Europe, the old city crowds in curious buildings, jumbles of roofs and terraces, and the oldest and pleasantest of streets, from the outlying hills. If there were no shore, no sea, and no thousands of idlers and bathers in bright medley to be seen, the lovely, leafy star-like town would still be a pleasant place to see. At the highest places are fine villas, great hotels, and splendid homes, rich in settings of ample verdure, curious old walls, strange and picturesque gateways, and fanciful iron and stone ornaments of centuries ago. Cross-streets, circling with the harbor crescent, show odd high walls and glimpses of gables and creeping vines through stone approaches, like winsome embrasures on the one hand, and on the other you can almost step upon the red tilings of quaint old roofs below. But more picturesque than these are the thoroughfares, most of them narrow and shadowy, which tumble from the hill to the shore. Ancient St. Ives, on the Cornish western coast, is like Scarborough here. Many of these streets are both stair and thoroughfare. The roofs of all the houses are like the terraces of Algiers. Most curious architectural bits are found half-hidden in tiny courts. Windows seem to have sprung through roofs; balconies overhang succeeding roofs; landings lead into street doors and second story entrances of the same house; everywhere are potted flowers and ferns, vines upon trellises, roses trained across windows; and between the gables or across roofs, continual changing glimpses of the foreshore show a mass of kaleidoscopic color, like a huge bank of flowers set close to the shimmering blue of a rippling sea.

Not only is all this at your feet for contemplation if you are loitering on Castle Hill, but the spars of fishing-smacks and other curious craft are like a reedy sedge beneath you to the south. Then comes the old harbor and its mossy pier; the bay filled with pleasure sails flying hither and thither like great white birds skimming low along the rippling sheen of blue and beyond, the steely blue of the North Sea, with fishing fleets at anchor in tiny patches, or merchant ships scudding to the Baltic and to the north; with now and then trailing plumes of smoke from distant steamers close and low upon the horizon rim. To the north, another cove cuts into the high and lofty shore. Landward are moors, sand-dunes, ragged cliffs, hung with rank and trailing verdure, and cove and cliff and moor, stretching far with higher and more precipitous shores to where the North Sea thunders endlessly against the headlands of weird and dreary Robin Hood bay.

All about you are the ruins of the ancient and stupendous castle which was once the glory of Scarborough. Vast indeed were the medieval strongholds of Britain, and this one, well nigh impregnable in its time, was one of the hugest fortresses of the entire eastern coast. It was built by Earl William Le Gros, who married Adeliza, daughter of William the Conqueror, and who ruled in the east with Princely authority. When Henry II. endeavored to break the power of the nobles which eclipsed the authority of the crown and commanded the demolition of their castles, he came here in person to see this great pile razed, but struck with its splendid proportions and impregnability, increased its strength and magnificence instead. The tremendous moat on the landward side is well preserved. The stately keep is still nearly 100 feet high with walls twelve feet in thickness; and in the castle yard can still be traced the splendid chapel which once was here, for no men were more pious than were these mighty pillagers and murderers of old.

The beauty and fashion to be seen at Scarborough are pronounced enough to give the place all the gayety of Brighton. London sends thousands here for the "season," which continues from May until October, and the great interior manufacturing cities, like Birmingham, Manchester and Leeds, divide their fashionable summer patronage between Scarborough and the Peak of Derbyshire, but the place is characteristically different from any other seaside resort I have found in England. The rich and titled who visit Scarborough seem to be here for rest and health rather than for rounds of gayety and fashionable enjoyment. Whatever may be its spell, you are no sooner within it than a spirit of idling, loitering and a delightful dreamful laziness possess you. At the great balls, concerts and promenades on the Cliff, all procedure is measured, quiet and stately. There are no blare and flare in Scarborough. The shops are shady, cool and quiet. Go the whole length of Westborough, Newborough and Eastborough street, from the high railway station to the gleaming sands, and though your stroll may have brought you in contact with from 20,000 to 30,000 people, you will not have heard a sound that would disturb the placid serenity of a sunny country church lane. It is as though the breeze, the sun, the sea and the gray old town of gray old stairs soothed the irritability and even ordinary activity of men into a gentle complacence and peace.

This peculiarity is still more noticeable upon the beach. In all other seaside resorts I have ever visited, the sands always presented a scene of rollicking activity and life. Men, women and children were in a sort of wild intoxication and delirium of enjoyment. I have seen from 10,000 to 30,000 people at one time upon Scarborough beach, and I am quite certain one-third of the number were sound asleep. This is most marked with the folks from the mills and mines. While the hundreds of bathing-machines—those little covered wagons which are unknown in America but which are in England used for robing and disrobing, and are wheeled out and in with the tide—are constantly in use, it is the middle class which thus disports. The operatives and miners who come to the seaside come for the change, the rest, the air. They almost seem to eat the latter, poor fellows! They burrow in the sand and are savage if disturbed.

Twenty or thirty operatives from Leeds will be piled together with their families, half-hidden in the sand-pits they have dug. The men are all dozing or sound asleep. One of a party of passing friends pokes one of the sleepers with his foot. He rouses himself and regards the intruder with lazy, half-closed eyes. The latter asks,

"Howsta du lad?"

"Eaw, gaily, gaily!—gaaly enif for times."

"Sam (gather) oop thysal an' goa an' tak a rench (rinse) i' t' sea."

"Noa, a'h (I) doa'nt goa hurtling abart it to give a body dinners w'en a' coom t' sea. Aa get gurt netting oop (cleaning up) t' Leeds. Ee's Lunnun foak wor just slaaed o'er t' hoam, 'n' maun be scrowin' (scrubbing) their sals throo morn to neet!"

And he turns in his sand-pit with a contemptuous snort for unwashed Londoners who are compelled to come so far for "netting oop," and with his mouth open to the sea breeze, which he gulps like drink, settles himself placidly for another "bit of dooven," or doze.

Anyone who has frequented English resorts must have been struck with the number of benign old ladies being wheeled about by mournful-faced servants who seemed ashamed of their calling. Here at Scarborough you will find more of this class than at all other resorts of the kingdom. No one can account for their extraordinary number here; but it is a pleasant sight to see them, with their crisp airs and determined ways, routing the donkeys, upsetting the stalls and shaking their sticks and sunshades at touters and mountebanks with portentous threats and martial commands. Having counted over six hundred taking their midday airing here, I asked a boatman how so many came to be at Scarborough.

"Wy, sir, they do say as they be mostly mother'niaws, a gettin' power outn' the bracin' sea hair fur the reg'lar winter battles w'en they gits 'oame, sir. Leastwise so I'm told by the men wot pushes 'em; an' they allus hadd: 'Wat a blessed ard they do be 'avin' wat meantime bide at 'oame!'"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Call for an Irrigation Congress.

The official call for an International Irrigation congress to be held at Los Angeles, Cal., for one week beginning October 10, 1893, has just been issued and contains the following points:

Irrigation—Applied to agriculture. Applied to horticulture engineering. Its far-reaching ethical and social possibilities and effects.

Irrigation Legislation—State, national, international, foreign.

Irrigation securities.

Irrigation machinery and appliances.

The membership of the Congress to consist of the following:

First—The governor of each State and territory to appoint two delegates from each Congressional district and four delegates at large from their respective States and territories.

Second—Each County court or Board of Supervisors to appoint two delegates.

Third—Each university or college where irrigation engineering is taught to appoint two delegates.

Fourth—Each Chamber of Commerce to appoint two delegates.

Fifth—Each agricultural or horticultural association to appoint two delegates for each 100 members or fractional number thereof.

Sixth—Each corporation formed for the purpose of promoting irrigation to appoint one delegate.

Seventh—The mayor of each incorporated city having 2500 or more population, and the chief officer of each State Agricultural or other industrial school to be entitled to seats, with authority to appoint substitutes.

Eighth—The Governor of each State or Territory, members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, members of the American Society of Irrigation Engineers, delegates from foreign countries properly accredited, and foreign irrigation engineers, and the permanent officers and the standing committees of the Salt Lake City Irrigation Congress to be entitled to seats.

ARTHUR L. THOMAS,
Chairman National Executive Committee.

WHEN THE MILLS SHUT DOWN.

Oh, 'twas glorious last November when the victors marched away.
With red fire, drums and banners in magnificent array!
How their eyes with rapture sparkled, in which loyal heart grew warm
At the thought of poor old Benny swamped by cyclones of reform!
And how double extra jolly it would be to scorch and kill
Our W. McKinley and his blamed old robber bill:
But a different sort of feeling seems to permeate the town,
And gas don't count for glory
When
The
Mills
Shut
Down.

Oh, 'twas altogether lovely then to nag the G. O. P.,
And furnish season tickets up Salt River, don't you see?
Slashing up official pudding, sure, such happiness must bring,
While Maxwell gives his hatchet just a little extra swing.
But, hold! Here comes another sort of music in the air,
That tells of empty stomachs and of pockets plucked and bare!
Where are those protection killers now, those spouters of renown?
Where, oh, where, these great reformers
When
The
Mills
Shut
Down?

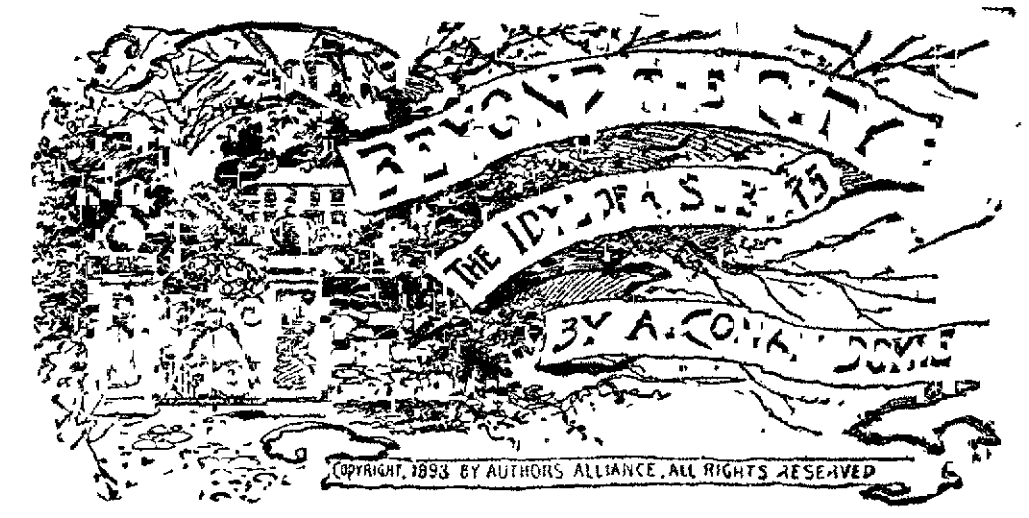
Lo! The great and noble Grover, what a valiant knight was he,
To plant his No. 11s squarely on "plutocrasee."
And Adlai, the fearless, of the weird and awful name,
How his stirring deeds should echo on the trumpet blast of fame!
How they'd turn the country over and then turn it back again,
And scatter all the rascals from among the haunts of men!
'Tis a glorious prospect, truly, for many a thriving town,
But it peters out so easy
When
The
Mills
Shut
Down.

—Fall River News.

AS A MATTER OF FACT

Everybody concedes that the Great Rock Island route is the best line East from Colorado Springs. Through solid vestibule trains direct, Colorado Springs to Chicago and St. Louis via Omaha or Kansas City, without change of cars. Every meal en route served in our own magnificent dining cars, and every precaution is taken by the employees to make your trip a pleasant one.

For sleeping car reservations through to destination, maps, folders, lowest rates, etc., call on or address, W. W. WOOD, ticket and passenger agent, 12 Pike's Peak Ave., Telephone 97.


BEYOND THE CITY
THE IDYL OF A SUBURB
BY A. CONAN DOYLE
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CHAPTER XIII.

IN STRANGE WATERS.

When Dr. Walker had departed, the admiral packed all his possessions back into his sea chest with the exception of one little brass bound desk. This he unlocked, and took from it a dozen or so blue sheets of paper all mottled over with stamps and seals, with very large V. R.'s printed upon the heads of them. He tied these carefully into a small bundle, and, placing them in the inner pocket of his coat, he seized his stick and hat.

"Oh, John, don't do this rash thing," cried Mrs. Denver, laying her hands upon his sleeve. "I have seen so little of you, John. Only three years since you left the service. Don't leave me again. I know it is weak of me, but I cannot bear it."

"There's my own brave lass," said he, smoothing down the gray shot hair. "We've lived in honor together, mother, and please God in honor we'll die. No matter how cases are made, they have got to be met, and what the boy owes we owe. He has not the money, and how is he to find it? He can't find it. Well, then! It becomes my business, and there's only one way for it."

"But it may not be so very bad, John. Had we not best wait until after he sees these people tomorrow?"

"They may give him a little time, lass, but I'll have a care that I don't go so far that I can't tow back again. Now, mother, there's no use holding me. It's got to be done, and there's no sense in shirking it." He detached her fingers from his sleeve, pushed her gently back into an armchair and hurried from the house.

In less than half an hour the admiral was whirled into Victoria station and found himself amid a dense bustling throng, who jostled and pushed in the crowded terminus. His errand, which had seemed feasible enough in his own room, began now to present difficulties in the carrying out, and he puzzled over how he should take the first steps. Amid the stream of business men, each hurrying on his definite way, the old seaman in his gray tweed suit and black soft hat strode slowly along, his head sunk and his brow wrinkled in perplexity. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He walked back to the railway stall and bought a daily paper. This he turned and turned until a certain column met his eye, when he smoothed it out and, carrying it over to a seat, proceeded to read it at his leisure.

And indeed as a man read that column it seemed strange to him that there should still remain any one in this world of ours who should be in straits for want of money. Here were whole lines of gentlemen who were burdened with a surplus in their incomes, and who were loudly calling to the poor and needy to come and take it off their hands. Here was the guileless lender who was not a professional money lender, but who would be glad to correspond, etc. Here, too, was the accommodating individual who advanced sums from £10 to £10,000 without expense, security or delay.

"The money actually paid over within a few hours," ran this fascinating advertisement, conjuring up a vision of swift messengers rushing with bags of gold to the aid of the poor struggler. A third gentleman did all business by personal application, advanced money on anything or nothing. The lightest and airiest promise was enough to content him according to his circular, and finally he never asked for more than 5 per cent. This struck the admiral as far the most promising, and his wrinkles relaxed and his frown softened away as he gazed at it. He folded up the paper, rose from the seat and found himself face to face with Charles Westmacott.

"Hullo, admiral!"

"Hullo, Westmacott!" Charles had always been a favorite of the seaman's. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I have been doing a little business for my aunt. But I have never seen you in London before."

"I hate the place. It smothers me. There's not a breath of clean air on this side of Greenwich. But maybe you know your way about pretty well in the city?"

"Well, I know something about it. You see, I've never lived very far from it, and I do a good deal of my aunt's business."

"Maybe you know Bread street?"

"It is out of Cheapside."

"Well, then, how do you steer for from here? You make me out a course, and I'll keep to it."

"Why, admiral, I have nothing to do. I'll take you there with pleasure."

"Will you, though? Well, I'll take it very kindly if you would. I have business there. Smith & Hanbury, financial agents, Bread street."

The pair made their way to the riverside, and so down the Thames to St. Paul's landing—a mode of travel which was much more to the admiral's taste than bus or cab. On the way he told his companion his mission and the causes which had led to it. Charles Westmacott knew little enough of city life and the ways of business, but at least he had more experience in both than the admiral, and he made up his mind not to leave him until the matter was settled.

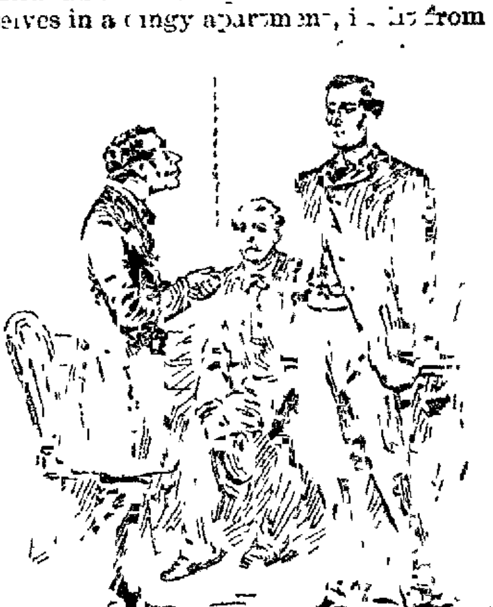
"These are the people," said the admiral, twisting round his paper and pointing to the advertisement which had seemed to him the most promising. "It sounds honest and above board, does it not? The personal interview looks as if there were no trickery, and then no one could object to 5 per cent."

"No, it seems fair enough."

"It is not pleasant to have to go, hat in hand, borrowing money, but there are times, as you may find before you are my age, Westmacott, when a man must stow away his pride. But here's their number, and their plate is on the corner of the door."

A narrow entrance was flanked on either side by a row of brasses, ranging upward from the stockbrokers and the solicitors who occupied the ground floors, through a long succession of West Indian agents, architects, surveyors and brokers, to the firm of which they were in quest. A winding stone stair, well carpeted and railed at first, but growing shabbier with every landing, brought them past innumerable doors until at last, just under the ground glass roofing, the names of Smith & Hanbury were to be seen painted in large white letters across a panel, with a laconic invitation to push beneath it.

Following out the suggestion, the admiral and his companion found themselves in a dingy apartment, ill lit from a couple of glazed windows. An ink stained table, littered with pens, papers and almanacs, an American cloth sofa, three chairs of varying patterns and a much worn carpet constituted all the furniture, save only a very large and obtrusive porcelain spittoon and a gaudily framed and very somber picture which hung above the fireplace. Sitting in front of this picture and staring gloomily at it as being the only thing which he could stare at was a small, sallow faced boy, with a large head, who in the intervals of his art studies munched sedately at an apple.



"Per annum!" he said.

"Is Mr. Smith or Mr. Hanbury in?" asked the admiral.

"There ain't no such people," said the small boy.

"But you have the names on the door."

"Ah, that is the name of the firm, you see. It's only a name. It's Mr. Reuben Metaxa that you wants."

"Well, then, is he in?"

"No, he's not."

"When will he be back?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure. He's gone to lunch. Sometimes he takes one hour and sometimes two. It'll be two today, I expect, for he said he was hungry afore he went."

"Then I suppose that we had better call again," said the admiral.

"Not a bit," cried Charles. "I know how to manage these little imps. See here, you young varmint, here's a shilling for you. Run off and fetch your master. If you don't bring him here in five minutes, I'll clump you on the side of the head when you get back. Shoo! Scat!" He charged at the youth, who bolted from the room and clattered madly down stairs.

"He'll fetch him," said Charles. "Let us make ourselves at home. This sofa does not feel over and above safe. It was not meant for 15-stone men. But this doesn't look quite the sort of place where one would expect to pick up money."

"Just what I was thinking," said the admiral, looking ruefully about him.

"Ah, well! I have heard that the best furnished offices generally belong to the poorest firms. Let us hope it's the opposite here. They can't spend much on the management anyhow. That pumpkin headed boy was the staff, I suppose. Ha, by Jove, that's his voice, and he's got our man, I think!"

As he spoke the youth appeared in the doorway with a small, brown, dried up little chip of a man at his heels. He was clean shaven and blue chinned, with bristling black hair and keen brown eyes which shone out very brightly from between pouched under lids and drooping upper ones. He advanced, glancing keenly from one to the other of his visitors, and slowly rubbing together his thin blue veined hands. The small boy closed the door behind him and discreetly vanished.

"I am Mr. Reuben Metaxa," said the money lender. "Was it about an advance you wished to see me?"

"Yes."

"For you, I presume," turning to Charles Westmacott.

"No, for this gentleman."

The money lender looked surprised. "How much did you desire?"

"I thought of £5,000," said the admiral.

"And on what security?"

"I am a retired admiral of the British navy. You will find my name in the navy list. There is my card. I have here my pension papers. I get £850 a year. I thought that perhaps if you were to hold these papers it would be security enough that I should pay you. You could draw my pension and repay yourselves at the rate, say, of £500 a year, taking your 5 per cent interest as well."

"What interest?"

"Five per cent per annum."

Mr. Metaxa laughed. "Per annum!" he said. "Five per cent a month."

"A month! That would be 60 per cent a year."

"Precisely."

"But that is monstrous."

"I don't ask gentlemen to come to me. They come of their own free will. Those are my terms, and and they can take it or leave it."

"Then I shall leave it." The admiral rose angrily from his chair.

"But one moment, sir. Just sit down, and we shall chat the matter over. Yours is a rather unusual case, and we may find some other way of doing what you wish. Of course the security which you offer is no security at all, and no sane man would advance 5,000 pennies on it."

"No security? Why not, sir?"

"You might die tomorrow. You are not a young man. What age are you?"

"Sixty-three."

Mr. Metaxa turned over a long column of figures. "Here is an actuary's table," said he. "At your time of life the average expectancy of life is only a few years even in a well preserved man."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am not a well preserved man?"

"Well, admiral, it is a trying life at sea. Sailors in their younger days are gay dogs and take it out of themselves. Then when they grow older they are still hard at it and have no chance of rest or peace. I do not think a sailor's life a good one."

"I'll tell you what, sir," said the admiral hotly. "If you have two pairs of gloves, I'll undertake to knock you out under three rounds, or I'll race you from here to St. Paul's, and my friend here will see fair. I'll let you see whether I am an old man or not."

"This is beside the question," said the money lender with a deprecatory shrug. "The point is that if you died tomorrow where would be the security then?"

"I could insure my life and make the policy over to you."

"Your premiums for such a sum, if any office would have you, which I very much doubt, would come to close on £500 a year. That would hardly suit your book."

"Well, sir, what do you intend to propose?" asked the admiral.

"I might, to accommodate you, work it in another way. I should send for a medical man and have an opinion upon your life. Then I might see what could be done."

"That is quite fair. I have no objection to that."

"There is a very clever doctor in the street here. Proudie is his name. John, go and fetch Dr. Proudie." The youth was dispatched upon his errand, while Mr. Metaxa sat at his desk, trimming his nails and shooting out little comments upon the weather. Presently feet were heard upon the stairs, the money lender hurried out, there was a sound of whispering, and he returned with a large, fat, greasy looking man clad in a much worn frock coat and a very dilapidated top hat.

"Dr. Proudie, gentlemen," said Mr. Metaxa.

The doctor bowed, smiled, whipped off his hat and produced his stethoscope from its interior with the air of a conjuror upon the stage. "Which of these gentlemen am I to examine?" he asked, blinking from one to the other of them. "Ah, it is you! Only your waistcoat. You need not undo your collar. Thank you. A full breath! Thank you! Ninety-nine! Thank you! Now hold your breath for a moment. Oh, dear, dear, what is this I hear?"

"What is it, then?" asked the admiral coolly.

"Tut, tut! This is a great pity. Have you had rheumatic fever?"

"Never."

"You have had some serious illness?"

"Never."

"Ah, you are an admiral. You have been abroad, tropics, malaria, ague—I know."

"I have never had a day's illness."

"Not to your knowledge, but you have inhaled unhealthy air, and it has left its effect. You have an organic murmur—slight, but distinct."

"Is it dangerous?"

"It might at any time become so. You should not take violent exercise."

"Oh, indeed. It would hurt me to run a half mile?"

"It would be very dangerous."

"And a mile?"

"Would be almost certainly fatal."

"Then there is nothing else the matter?"

"No. But if the heart is weak then everything is weak, and the life is not a sound one."

"You see, admiral," remarked Mr. Metaxa as the doctor secreted his stethoscope once more in his hat, "my remarks were not entirely uncalled for. I am sorry that the doctor's opinion is not more favorable, but this is a matter of business, and certain obvious precautions must be taken."

"Of course. Then the matter is at an end."

"Well, we might even now do business. I am most anxious to be of use to you. How long do you think, doctor, that this gentleman will in all probability live?"

"Well, well, it's rather a delicate question to answer," said Mr. Proudie, with a show of embarrassment.

"Not a bit, sir. Out with it! I have faced death too often to flinch from it now, though I saw it as near to me as you are."

"Well, well, we must go by averages of course. Shall we say two years? I should think that you have a full two years before you."

"In two years your pension would bring you in £1,600. Now I will do my very best for you, admiral. I will advance you £2,000, and you can make over to me your pension for your life. It is pure speculation on my part. If you die tomorrow, I lose my money. If the doctor's prophecy is correct, I shall still be out of pocket. If you live a little longer, then I may see my money again. It is the very best I can do for you."

"Then you wish to buy my pension?"

"Yes, for £2,000 down."

"And if I live for 20 years?"

"Oh, in that case of course my speculation would be more successful. But you have heard the doctor's opinion."

"Would you advance the money instantly?"

"You should have £1,000 at once. The other £1,000 I should expect you to take in furniture."

"In furniture?"

"Yes, admiral. We shall do you a beautiful houseful at that sum. It is the custom of my clients to take half in furniture."

The admiral sat in dire perplexity. He had come out to get money, and to go back without any, to be powerless to help when his boy needed every shilling to save him from disaster, that would be very bitter to him. On the other hand, it was so much that he surrendered and so little that he received. Little, and yet something. Would it not be better than going back empty handed? He saw the yellow backed checkbook upon the table. The money lender opened it and dipped his pen in the ink.

"Shall I fill it up?"

"I think, admiral," remarked Westmacott, "that we had better have a little walk and some luncheon before we settle this matter."

"Oh, we may as well do it at once. It would be absurd to postpone it now," Metaxa spoke with some heat, and his eyes glinted angrily from between his narrow lids at the imperturbable Charles. The admiral was simple in money matters, but he had seen much of men and had learned to read them. He saw that venomous glance, and saw, too, that intense eagerness was peeping out from beneath the careless air which the agent had assumed.

"You're quite right, Westmacott," said he. "We'll have a little walk before we settle it."

"But I may not be here this afternoon."

"Then we must choose another day."

"But why not settle it now?"

"Because I prefer not," said the admiral shortly.

"Very well. But remember that my offer is only for today. It is off unless you take it at once."

"Let it be off, then."

"There's my fee," cried the doctor.

"How much?"

"A guinea."

The admiral threw £1 1s. upon the table. "Come, Westmacott," said he, and they walked together from the room.

"I don't like it," said Charles when they found themselves in the street once more. "I don't profess to be a very sharp chap, but this is a trifle too thin. What did he want to go out and speak to the doctor for? And how very convenient this tale of a weak heart was. I believe they are a couple of rogues and in league with each other."

"A shark and a pilot fish," said the admiral.

"I'll tell you what I propose, sir. There's a lawyer named McAdam, who does my aunt's business. He is a very honest fellow and lives at the other side of Poultry. We'll go over to him together and have his opinion about the whole matter."

"How far is it to his place?"

"Oh, a mile at least. We can have a cab."

"A mile? Then we shall see if there is any truth in what that swab of a doctor said. Come, my boy, and clap on all sail and see who can stay the longest."

Then the sober denizens of the heart of business London saw a singular sight as they returned from their luncheons. Down the roadway, dodging among cabs and carts, ran a weather stained elderly man, with wide, flapping black hat and homely suit of tweeds. With elbows braced back, hands clenched near his armpits and chest protruded he scudded along, while close at his heels lumbered a large limbed, heavy, yellow mustached young man, who seemed to feel the exercise a good deal more than his senior. On they dashed, helter skelter, until they pulled up panting at the office where the lawyer of the Westmacotts was to be found.

"There, now!" cried the admiral in triumph. "What d'ye think of that? Nothing wrong in the engine room, eh?"

"You seem fit enough, sir."

"Blessed if I believe the swab was a certificated doctor at all. He was lying false colors or I am mistaken."

"They keep the directories and registers in this eating house," said Westmacott. "We'll go and look him out."

They did so, but the medical rolls contained no such name as that of Dr. Proudie of Bread street.

"Pretty villainy this!" cried the admiral, thumping his chest. "A dummy doctor and a vamped up disease. Well, we've tried the rogues, Westmacott. Let us see what we can do with your honest man."

CHAPTER XIV.

EASTWARD HO!

Mr. McAdam of the firm of McAdam & Squire was a highly polished man who dwelt behind a highly polished table in the neatest and snuggest of offices. He was white haired and amiable, with a deep lined aquiline face, was addicted to low bows and indeed always seemed to carry himself at half cock, as though just descending into one or just recovering himself. He wore a high buckled stock, took snuff and adorned his conversation with little scraps from the classics.

"My dear sir," said he when he had listened to their story, "any friend of Mrs. Westmacott's is a friend of mine. Try a pinch. I wonder that you should have gone to this man Metaxa. His advertisement is enough to condemn him. Habet foenum in cornu. They are all rogues."

"The doctor was a rogue too. I didn't like the look of him at the time."

"Arcades ambo. But now we must see what we can do for you. Of course what Metaxa said was perfectly right. The pension is in itself no security at all unless it were accompanied by a life assurance which would be an income in itself. It is no good whatever."

His clients' faces fell.

"But there is the second alternative. You might sell the pension right out. Speculative investors occasionally deal in such things. I have one client, a sporting man, who would be very likely to take it up if we could agree upon terms. Of course I must follow Metaxa's example by sending for a doctor."

For the second time was the admiral punched and tapped and listened to. This time, however, there could be no question of the qualifications of the doctor, a well known fellow of the College of Surgeons, and his report was as favorable as the other's had been adverse.

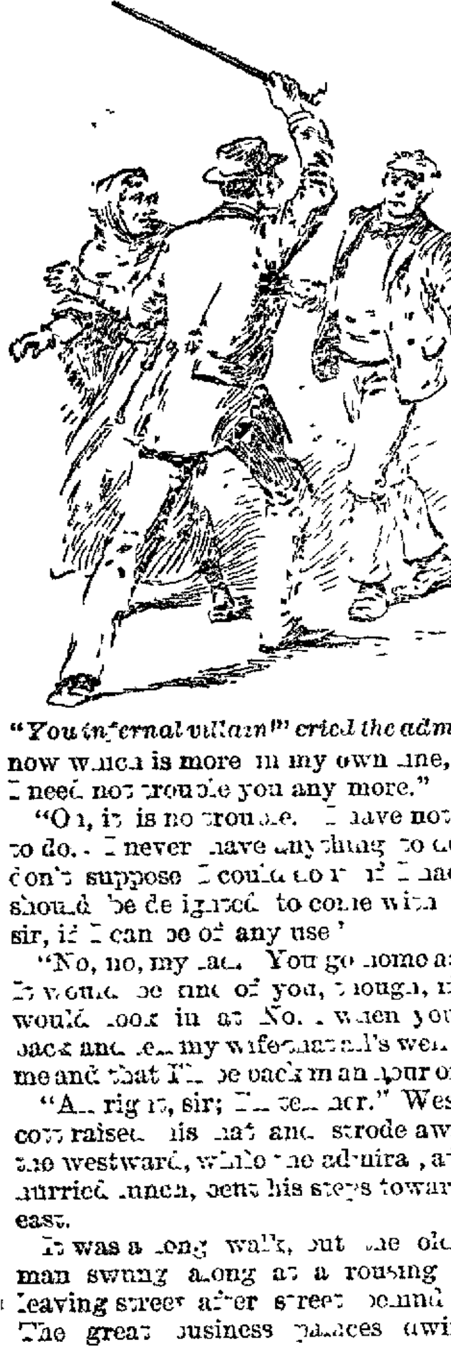
"He has the heart and chest of a man of 40," said he. "I can recommend his life as one of the best of his age that I have ever examined."

"That's well," said Mr. McAdam, making a note of the doctor's remarks, while the admiral disbursed a second guinea. "Your price, I understand, is £5,000. I can communicate with Mr. Elberry, my client, and let you know whether he cares to touch the matter. Meanwhile you can leave your pension papers here, and I will give you a receipt for them."

"Very well. I should like the money soon."

"That is why I am retaining the papers. If I can see Mr. Elberry today, we may let you have a check tomorrow. Try another pinch. No? Well, good-by. I am very happy to have been of service." Mr. McAdam bowed them out, for he was a very busy man, and they found themselves in the street once more with lighter hearts than when they had left it.

"Well, Westmacott, I am sure I am very much obliged to you," said the admiral. "You have stood by me when I was the better for a little help, for I'm clean out of my soundings among these city sharks. But I've something to do now which is more in my own line, and I need not trouble you any more."



"You infernal villain!" cried the admiral.

"Oh, it is no trouble. I have nothing to do. I never have anything to do. I don't suppose I could do it if I had. I should be delighted to come with you, sir, if I can be of any use."

"No, no, my lad. You go home again. It would be kind of you, though, if you would look in at No. 1 when you get back and tell my wife that all's well with me and that I'll be back in an hour or so."

"All right, sir; I'll tell her." Westmacott raised his hat and strode away to the westward, while the admiral, after a hurried lunch, bent his steps toward the east.

It was a long walk, but the old seaman swung along at a rousing pace, leaving street after street behind him. The great business palaces dwindled down into commonplace shops and dwellings, which decreased and became more stunted, even as the folk who filled them did, until he was deep in the evil places of the eastern end. It was a land of huge, dark houses and of garish gin shops, a land, too, where life moves irregularly and where adventures are to be gained—as the admiral was to learn to his cost.

He was hurrying down one of the long, narrow stone flagged lanes between the double lines of crouching, disheveled women and of dirty children who sat on the hollowed steps of the houses and basked in the autumn sun. At one side was a barrowman with a load of walnuts, and beside the barrow a bedraggled woman with a black fringe and a checkered shawl thrown over her head. She was cracking walnuts and picking them out of the shells, throwing out a remark occasionally to a rough man in a rabbit skin cap, with straps under the knees of his corduroy trousers, who stood puffing a black clay pipe with his back against the wall. What the cause of the quarrel was or what sharp sarcasm from the woman's lips pricked suddenly through that thick skin may never be known, but suddenly the man took his pipe in his left hand, leaned forward and deliberately struck her across the face with his right. It was a slap rather than a blow, but the woman gave a sharp cry and cowered up against the barrow with her hand to her cheek.

"You infernal villain!" cried the admiral, raising his stick. "You brute and blackguard."

"Garn!" growled the rough with the deep, rasping intonation of a savage. "Garn out o' this or I'll—" He took a step forward with uplifted hand, but in an instant down came cut No. 1 upon his wrist and cut No. 2 across his thigh and cut No. 3 full in the center of his rabbit skin cap. It was not a heavy stick, but it was strong enough to leave a good red weal wherever it fell. The rough yelled with pain and rushed in, hitting with both hands and kicking with his ironshod boots, but the admiral had still a quick foot and a true eye, so that he bounded backward and sideways, still raining a shower of blows upon his savage antagonist. Suddenly, however, a pair of arms closed round his neck, and glancing backward he caught a glimpse of the black, coarse fringe of the woman whom he had befriended. "I've got him!" she shrieked. "I'll 'old 'im! Now, Bill, knock the tripe out of him!"

Her grip was as strong as a man's, and her wrist pressed like an iron bar upon the admiral's throat. He made a desperate effort to disengage himself, but the most that he could do was to swing her around so as to place her between his adversary and himself. As it proved it was the very best thing that he could have done. The rough, half blinded and maddened by the blows which he had received, struck out with all his ungainly strength just as his partner's head swung around in front of him.

There was a noise like that of a stone hitting a wall, a deep groan, her grasp relaxed, and she dropped a dead weight upon the pavement, while the admiral sprang back and raised his stick once more, ready either for attack or defense. Neither was needed, however, for at that moment there was a scattering of the crowd, and two police constables, burly and helmeted, pushed their way through the rabble. At the sight of them the rough took to his heels and was instantly screened from view by a veil of his friends and neighbors.

"I have been assaulted," panted the admiral. "This woman was attacked, and I had to defend her."

"This is Bermondsey Sal," said one police officer, bending over the bedraggled heap of tattered shawl and dirty skirt. "She's got it hot this time."

"He was a shortish man, thick, with a beard."

"Ah, that's Black Davie. He's been up four times for beating her. He's about done the job now. If I were you I would let that sort settle their own little affairs, sir."

"Do you think that a man who holds the queen's commission will stand by and see a woman struck?" cried the admiral indignantly.

"Well, just as you like, sir. But you've lost your watch, I see."

"My watch!" He clapped his hand to his waistcoat. The chain was hanging down in front, and the watch gone.

He passed his hand over his forehead. "I would not have lost that watch for anything," said he. "No money could replace it. It was given me by the ship's company after our African cruise. It has an inscription."

The policeman shrugged his shoulders. "It comes from meddling," said he.

"What'll you give me if I tell yer where it is?" said a sharp faced boy among the crowd. "Will you give me a quid?"

"Certainly."

"Well, where's the quid?"

The admiral took a sovereign from his pocket. "Here it is."

"Then 'ere's the ticker!" The boy pointed to the clenched hand of the senseless woman. A glimmer of gold shone out from between the fingers, and on opening them up there was the admiral's chronometer. This interesting victim had throttled her protector with one hand, while she had robbed him with the other.

The admiral left his address with the policeman, satisfied himself that the woman was only stunned, not dead, and then set off upon his way once more, the poorer perhaps in his faith in human nature, but in very good spirits none the less. He walked with dilated nostrils and clenched hands, glowing and tingling with the excitement of the combat, and warmed with the thought that he could still, when there was need, take his own part in a street brawl in spite of his threescore and odd years.

His way now led toward the riverside regions, and a cleansing whiff of tar was to be detected in the stagnant autumn air. Men with the blue jersey and peaked cap of the boatman or the white duck of the dockers began to replace the corduroys and fustian of the laborers. Shops with nautical instruments in the windows, rope and paint sellers and slop shops with long rows of oilskins dangling from hooks all proclaimed the neighborhood of the docks.

The admiral quickened his pace and straightened his figure as his surroundings became more nautical, until at last, peeping between two high dingy wharfs, he caught a glimpse of the mud colored waters of the Thames and of the bristle of masts and funnels which rose from its broad bosom. To the right lay a quiet street, with many brass plates upon either side and wire blinds on all of the windows. The admiral walked slowly down it until "The St. Lawrence Shipping Company" caught his eye. He crossed the road, pushed open the door and found himself in a low ceilinged office, with a long counter at one end and a great number of wooden sections of ships stuck upon boards and plastered all over the walls.

"Is Mr. Henry in?" asked the admiral.

"No, sir," answered an elderly man from a high seat in the corner. "He has not come into town today. I can manage any business you may wish seen to."

"You don't happen to have a first or second officer's place vacant, do you?"

The manager looked with a dubious eye at this singular applicant.

"Do you hold certificates?" he asked.

"I hold every nautical certificate there is."

"Then you won't do for us."

"Why not?"

"Your age, sir."

"I give you my word that I can see as well as ever and am as good a man in every way."

"I don't doubt it."

"Why should my age be a bar, then?"

"Well, I must put it plainly. If a man of your age, holding certificates, has not got past a second officer's berth, there must be a black mark against him somewhere. I don't know what it is, drink or temper or want of judgment, but something there must be."

"I assure you there is nothing, but I find myself stranded, and so have to turn to the old business again."

"Oh, that's it," said the manager, with suspicion in his eye. "How long were you in your last billet?"

"Fifty-one years."

"What!"

"Yes, sir, one and fifty years."

"In the same employ?"

"Yes."

"Why, you must have begun as a child."

"I was 12 when I joined."

"It must be a strange [illegible] business," said the manager. "[illegible] allows men to leave it who have served for 50 years, and who are still as good as ever. Who did you serve?"

Continued on Sixth Page

THE GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED BY
THE GAZETTE PRINTING CO.

DAILY—IN ADVANCE.
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Three months 1 50 One month . 50
WEEKLY—IN ADVANCE.
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W. A. PLATT, Editor. H. A. RISLEY, Manager.

HANSON A. RISLEY.

The news of Mr. Risley's death will come with a shock to the entire community, as it has to his associates in THE GAZETTE. It is less than a week since the writer received from him one of those delightful friendly letters, written in his usual careful hand, which have been among the pleasantest incidents of the last few months. It was a most characteristic letter, full of kind words and of good will for all of us who have been his associates. At the end he said, "I am feeling very well, except for such infirmities as old age brings."

Mr. Risley was an old man—in his eighty first year—but until very recently, notwithstanding his partial deafness, he had been so vigorous, and above all so cheerful, so full of interest in affairs and of kindly solicitude for others, that none of us thought the end was so near.

The keynote of Mr. Risley's character was easy to find. His nature was so open, so frank, his motives so transparent, that no one who talked with him for half an hour could fail to understand his character. He was inflexibly firm in questions of right and wrong, very positive in his convictions, but his prevailing characteristic was kindliness, and the first word that came to everyone's lips in speaking of him was "lovable." There was something about him that drew affection irresistibly. His stores of knowledge were great, his conversational powers were remarkable, his manners were charming, but beneath and through all this there was evident a warmth of feeling, a sympathy with all that was good and pure and true, which led those who knew him to do more than merely admire or respect him, they loved him.

Mr. Risley's life has been a long and a useful one. A close friend of Mr Seward's, he was well acquainted with Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley, when those three men ruled New York State. Later, when Seward became Secretary of State, he was called to Washington, and for many years was in the service of the government in various posts of honor and usefulness. Since then he had served in a fiduciary capacity in various ways, and the trust placed in him was always richly justified by the event. He had lived here in Colorado Springs for nearly twenty years, and everybody knew him. His loss will be felt by the whole community. With especial force it falls upon us who have worked with him, and known him intimately by daily contact. We have lost a fatherly friend, a wise adviser and guide, and the loss cannot be replaced.

Such a life has lessons for us all, but they are so plain that they need not be set forth here. His was pre-eminently one of those lives of which Owen Meredith has finely said:

No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne
And look into the face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely at last!

THREE VACANT SEATS.

The cases of the appointed Senators are virtually settled, we take it, by Wednesday's vote, although the vote was a close one, and twenty three Senators were absent or paired. Mr. Mantle has been declared not to be entitled to a seat.

The question has evidently been decided—if it is decided—on its merits, and without reference to the silver question. While Messrs. Teller, Wolcott, Power, Jones and Stewart voted for Mr. Mantle's claim, a majority of the silver Senators, including Messrs Berry, Coke, Harris, Kyle, Peffer, Ransom, Vance and Vest, voted against it. In fact the division was more on party lines than on silver lines, most of the Republicans voting in favor of the claimant and most of the Democrats and all the Populists against him. Of the 3[illegible] against him, 8 were Republicans; of the 3[illegible] for him, [illegible] were Democrats.

We observe that some newspapers have lost their temper over this matter. The Denver Evening Post, for instance, alleges that the Constitution gives to the Governors the right to fill vacancies caused by "resignations or otherwise," and calls the refusal to admit Mr. Mantle "a crime against the State interested." But The Post, after its usual manner, garbles its constitutional quotation. As we have pointed out before, the Constitution says that "if vacancies happen by resignation or otherwise during the recess of the legislature of any State, the executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies." These are not "temporary appointments," and they did not happen "during the recess." There is no "crime" in the case; it is simply a matter of constitutional interpretation, and the majority of the Senate seems to incline to a strict construction—as Democrats naturally and properly do incline. If these Senators are kept out, it will be a useful object lesson for future wrangling legislatures.

UNCONDITIONAL REPEAL

By a majority of more than two to one, the House of Representatives has voted to repeal the purchase clause of the Sherman act. By a majority of over a hundred, it has voted against free coinage at any ratio proposed. Of the five proposed ratios, 16 to 1 received the most votes. After that vote the Populists, and perhaps some others, refused to vote for free coinage at any other ratio.

As we have pointed out before, this vote must not be taken to mean that the House is in favor of a monometallic gold basis. There are many bimetallists in Congress who believe that the Sherman act is doing no good to silver—is in fact an obstacle to the adoption of free coinage, and therefore ought to be repealed at once. There are others who believe, as President Andrews does, that the surest road to bimetallism lies in the temporary adoption of a gold standard. We in Colorado do not agree with them on this point, but we must acknowledge that they are sincere, and no one can justly charge President Andrews with being a "gold bug."

The Wilson bill goes now to the Senate, where it may be put to sleep in committee. If a vote is taken in the Senate, it will probably be on the bill introduced by Senator Voorhees. This bill is perhaps a little better than the Wilson bill, in that it contains a declaration, a bit lame and unsatisfactory one in favor of bimetallism. If it is passed as a substitute, it will go to a conference committee, which will report to both houses.

It would be well for the Senate now to make some provision for coming to a vote. Even a vote for unconditional repeal would be better than a continued interminable agitation of the subject, for it would dispose of the side issue, and give an opportunity for the discussion of the question of bimetallism on its merits. We believe that a great majority of the American people, and also a decided majority of the members of Congress, favor the bimetallic policy, and that a vote on that policy, disentangled from the question of repeal of the present law, would show this conclusively.

As to the effect of yesterday's vote on silver, we do not believe the price will be depressed by it at all, for more than a few days. The Sherman act has done no good to silver. It has treated the white metal as a mere commodity, and under its operation the price has been going down steadily. Its repeal cannot hurt the silver cause. It will only clear the way for a measure which will benefit silver and will benefit the country, and which will be far more satisfactory to the people of this and other silver-producing States than the Sherman act ever has been or could be. A continuance of present conditions, by means of filibustering in the Senate, cannot benefit Colorado nor help the silver cause. Instead, it would tend to alienate friends of that cause, and create enmities which would injure us in any future effort toward rehabilitating the white metal. The best thing to do is to take a vote and let us see where we stand—to get us disentangled from the present unsatisfactory position, so that a fresh start can be made.

THE WAR ON THE PENSIONERS.

We notice a disposition on the part of most newspapers which are friendly to the G. A. R. to denounce Secretary Hoke Smith for the recently renewed war upon the pensioners, and to hold him solely responsible for it. This is not fair. Mr. Smith is acting in this matter only as the deputy and agent of his chief. Mr. Cleveland made it very evident, during his first term, that he was against the pensioners. He used to sit up nights laboriously finding pretexts for vetoing pension bills, and his vetoes of bills of this kind were more numerous than all the vetoes of all the Presidents taken together who preceded him in the office. Not only did he veto them, but his veto messages were generally accompanied by choice bits of elephantine sarcasm at the pensioners' expense.

The war on the pensioners begun in Mr. Cleveland's first administration is now waged with more vigor, because Mr. Cleveland has chosen a Secretary of the Interior who is fully in accord with his views, and Speaker Crisp has appointed as Chairman of the House Committee on Pensions a young Georgian who will doubtless do all in his power to aid them in carrying on the war. But these subordinates should not bear all the blame for the raid that is now in progress. The man that is chiefly responsible is not Hoke Smith, but Grover Cleveland.

Mr. Bynum may have vindicated his consistency, but hardly his character, by intimating in the House that when he pledged himself to free coinage during his Denver speech he was drunk.

GONE ASTRAY.

Both the Denver Republican and the Pueblo Chieftain came out yesterday morning with leading editorials advocating the desertion of the standard of Protection by Colorado's Senators, and by the Republican party of Colorado, unless Eastern Republicans will vote against the repeal of the Sherman act.

The most charitable explanation of this attitude of these two papers is temporary insanity.

Any so-called Republican who proposes to vote for free trade in order to punish a brother Republican who does not agree with him on some other question, is not really a Republican at all. If protection has been advocated merely as a matter of political expediency by any newspaper, and not as a matter of principle, then that newspaper is unfit to be recognized as an organ or an exponent of Republicanism.

You might just as well propose to join with the Bourbons of the South and approve their nullification of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, and still profess to call yourselves Republicans, as to propose to go back on protection because Tom Reed is going to vote for the Wilson bill, and continue to ask recognition from the Republican party.

We trust this outbreak on the part of our esteemed contemporaries was only a passing freak of midsummer madness, and that they will not insist on reading themselves out of the national Republican party.

WRONG AGAIN.

Here is another paper that wants to change the United States Constitution—the Asheville (N. C.) Citizen, which in a recent issue says:

> Every member of the Cabinet should have a seat in the Senate or the House and be there when a debate was to be opened on an important subject. It would place the administration in direct communication with the country. It would tend to unify the party. It would prevent misunderstandings and give a more accurate knowledge of the intentions of the President and his Cabinets in important matters.

Such talk as this is wearisome. The people who indulge in it do not see, probably, what radical changes their proposal involves, but that is no excuse for the laudation of the British constitution at the expense of our own.

If the members of our cabinet had seats in Congress, representing the government, and leading the government forces, they would be responsible primarily to Congress, and not to the President. The President would become a figurehead, not an executive ruler. Congress would usurp nine tenths of the executive function, and the nice balance of power in our constitution would be entirely overthrown. The whole tendency—indeed the inevitable final outcome—of introducing our cabinet officers into Congress would be an approximation to the British system of responsible ministries, holding office so long as they command a majority in Congress. A conflict between Senate and House would be unavoidable, and the Senate would probably atrophy like the British House of Lords.

In short, this one change would inevitably lead to a radical reconstruction of our entire Constitution. There may be Americans who think the British Constitution is better than our own; we don't believe it. The American Constitution is good enough as it is; at any rate it is the best one for this country that anybody ever made, and any radical changes in it seem altogether unnecessary and inadvisable.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

The relations between France and Italy have not been especially cordial for some years, and the recent affair at the salt pits at Aigues-Mortes has strained them almost to the point of breaking. It seems that the affair in question was not so much a riot as a massacre. The French workmen set upon the Italians, drove them to cover, kept up a fusilade upon them in the building whither they had fled for shelter, and when they broke cover and ran for the town, hunted them down like so many wild beasts, and killed or severely wounded more than a hundred of them.

It is no wonder that the mob in Rome is demanding satisfaction, and that there is an intense feeling throughout Italy.

Some reparation must be made by France, unless her rulers are more cowardly than has been supposed. Nothing short of the apprehension and condign punishment of the murderers is likely to be accepted by the Italian government as satisfactory. A mere expression of regret, couched in diplomatic language, would, under the conditions, be a mere mockery. Italy will proceed in the matter with the more confidence, in that she is sure of the backing of Germany. The French government will probably have to make a reparation that will be very distasteful to the Parisian boulevardiers, but the elections are over now, so that the government can better afford to do the proper thing than it could a month ago.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

El Paso county has a good financial record. It is one of a very few counties in the State whose finances have been administered so wisely and successfully that it has not gone into debt. For this management we are indebted to the County Commissioners who have been in office during the past few years.

This fall a new commissioner is to be elected for the eastern district of the county to succeed Mr. J. C. Plumb, who has been in office for two terms. It is obvious that great care should be exercised in choosing a man for this responsible and important post. It is not a matter to be decided hastily. On the result of this election will depend largely the policy of the Board of County Commissioners for the next three years. Shall that policy be changed, or shall it be continued? Shall we put a new man into the office, or shall the present incumbent be retained?

We have no authority to speak for the outgoing commissioner, but it seems to us that the interests of the county would be best served by retaining him in office for another term. He is a man of ability and integrity, and in his six years of office he has acquired most valuable experience which it will be well to utilize for the public benefit. In office, he has been careful and conservative, and at the same time progressive, legislating and acting for the interests of the county as a whole, and liberal where liberality seemed wise.

It need not be said that in favoring the re-election of Mr. Plumb THE GAZETTE has no desire to depreciate the claims of other aspirants for the office, or to anticipate unduly the action of the primaries. Every man should have a fair chance, and the Republican nominee should receive the united support of Republicans. We simply suggest, in order that the matter may be carefully considered in time, that the experience and ability of Mr. Plumb render him especially well qualified for the position, and that if he is re-elected the people will know that the present wise and careful management of county affairs will be continued.

KEEP COOL.

There seems to be a general disposition on the part of some of our esteemed contemporaries to render themselves liable to the operations of a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. The Rocky Mountain News is chronically and systematically insane, of course, but it is only within a few days that The Republican has gone stark mad too, and we are sorry to see it.

It will not do anybody any good to get into a passion because 239 members of the House of Representatives voted to repeal the purchase clause of the Sherman act; and it is simply ridiculous to charge that these 239 men, some of them among the ablest statesmen in the country, were bought up by the "money power," whatever that may be. We should be sorry to see the Republicans of Colorado, or any of them, follow the lead of Governor Waite in this matter.

We are all Americans, and at heart we are all loyal to the United States. In this country the majority rules—must rule, and when the majority is against us, we've got to take our medicine, meantime doing our best to convert enough of the other fellows to make our minority into a majority. And the way to convert them, and to come out ahead in the end, is not to rave at them and call them names and make ineffectual and puerile threats, but to keep presenting our side of the case, with what ability we may, but at any rate with decency and dignity.

PROFESSOR BEMIS ON COLORADO.

The best and fairest article we have seen anywhere on the general situation in Colorado is in the September Review of Reviews. The author is Professor Edward W. Bemis of Chicago University, who recently lectured here under the auspices of the Summer School. If that institution had done nothing else but give Professor Bemis a chance to write this article, it would have performed an inestimable service to the whole State and to the cause of silver.

Dr. Bemis begins as follows:

> Can it be that we in the East have been wrongly informed when assured that the cost of silver mining is under 50 cents an ounce? Do the business men of the Rocky Mountain States really expect that over sixty millions of people in the rest of the country will become silver monometallists in order to help the profits of one or two million mine workers and those engaged in allied industries? Are the people of Colorado and adjoining States desirous of a quick transference from creditor to debtor of one-third of all debts and a scaling down of one-third of the purchasing power of wages, as so many in the East believe would follow free coinage at 16 to 1? In short, are these western kinsfolk of ours so completely selfish, knavish and bereft of reason as nearly all the eastern press of both parties would have us believe? Such were the questions that I sought to have answered during a four weeks' stay in July in Colorado, the last half of which was spent in a thousand-mile trip through the mining districts of that remarkable State.

The author first treats of the cost of production of silver, and answers the wild statements of papers like the New York World that it costs 3[illegible]c an ounce to mine silver, by showing that even in ordinarily good mines, leaving aside all question of the money spent in prospecting, it really costs about $1 an ounce to produce.

Dr. Bemis then speaks of the general distress caused by the shutting down of the mines, and the large number of men out of employment, and then has a few words to say of the sanity and honesty of the Colorado people.

> Now, a word as to the general sanity and honesty of the Colorado people. All talk of repudiation or violence that a few, rendered desperate by losses, indulge in is deeply deplored. I am positive that the ranting against England and Wall street and the wild financial notions that a few speakers exhibited in the Denver and Chicago silver conventions do not represent the feeling of the free coinage business men of the West. In the last named convention there was, however, far more understanding of the merits of the demand for more money as held by such men as Nicholson, Balfour and Andrews, and far more knowledge of monetary statistics, such as are contained in the Soetbeer-Taussig tables and United States Treasury reports, than the daily press allowed to appear. To hold that in the purchasing power of commodities silver has not fallen but gold risen, and that a more stable and, therefore, honest money would be silver, is a position not to be dismissed by mere sarcasm.

FERRIS' Good SENSE CORSET WAIST

Young Ladies Who ride BICYCLES, Play TENNIS, or Attend GYMNASIUM, Should WEAR FERRIS' Good Sense Corset Waists. All Shapes, Full or Slim Bust. Long or Short Waist White, Drab, or Black. For sale by all Leading Retailers. Send for illustrated circular to FERRIS BROS, Manufacturers and Patentees, 34 Broadway, New York.

Such writing as this, from a man in such a place as Dr. Bemis's, and in a magazine of such enormous circulation on both sides of the Atlantic, will do Colorado an incalculable amount of good. We owe a vote of thanks to Dr. Bemis for writing this article, and to Mr. Shaw for printing it. The fact that such periodicals as The Outlook, the Philadelphia Manufacturer, and the Social Economist of New York have taken up the cudgels strongly for bimetallism, and that the Review of Reviews allows room for such a presentation of Colorado's case, shows that the struggle for the rights of silver as money has really only just begun.

An analysis of the vote on the Wilson bill shows that Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Iowa, Wisconsin, West Virginia, North Dakota, Oregon and Florida went solid for repeal. The States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Minnesota cast but one vote each against repeal. Of the other Southern States, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee, all contributed to the repeal vote. The vote in the "old northwest"—from the Ohio river to the Lake of the Woods—was nearly solid for repeal.

Our esteemed contemporary The Pueblo Chieftain does not often quote Scripture, and when it undertakes to do so, the result is rather startling. Yesterday morning, speaking of certain talkative Congressmen, it said:

> The people feel toward them as Job did to the chatterers who came buzzing about as he sat in disconsolate solitude. They feel like saying "Go and talk through your hat."

That is certainly a very free translation. Still we cannot deny that the spirit of the original has been pretty well preserved.

The threatened war between Italy and Colorado has been averted. Governor Waite's assurance that the Cripple Creek people did not run out the Italians "as sich," but as cheap laborers, has been accepted by Il Re Umberto, and everybody assures everybody else of his distinguished consideration. When the Populists elect a President, Governor Waite's experience in this matter should make him a strong candidate for Secretary of State.

Senator Voorhees seems to have pleased nobody by his "great speech." The Western papers pitch into him for deserting the silver cause, in the first part of his speech, and the Eastern papers attack him for what he said in the latter part of his speech. These are troublous days for the man on the fence.

Not much has been said about it, but we notice that Mr. Acting-Director-of-the-Mint Preston is buying a good deal more silver this month than he did in July, and perhaps at higher prices. Perhaps he has discovered that the law of 1890 is mandatory and not merely permissive.

The selections printed elsewhere on this page from the London Financial News and the Manchester Guardian show how the bimetallic leaven is working in England, and are most cheering indications for those who believe in an international agreement. The time is fast coming when Mr. Gladstone cannot wave aside the question of bimetallism with a sneer.

Hurrah for Springer! He says that no bill to repeal the tax on State bank circulation shall be reported favorably by his committee, if he can help it.

Forty Southern Democrats voted for unconditional repeal. Are they to be in the new coalition of West and South vs. East and North?

The Iowa Democrats couldn't find anybody else to run for Governor, so they have put up Horace Boies again, on a strictly administration platform. This time Boies will probably be beaten. The Jackson family have a way of "getting there."

Judge Bell made a good speech on Wednesday, solid and substantial and full of facts and figures. Our representative will soon make an acknowledged place for himself as one of the solid men of the House.

Senator Stewart's resolution asking for information about the revenues of the government is very timely. Such information will be much needed when Congress gets to work on the tariff.

The House has done what Mr. Cleveland wished. Now if he does not tell the majority what to do next they will be all at sea.

The only colored man in the House of Representatives, Mr. George Washington Murray of South Carolina, is for free coinage.

The City Council is doing its duty admirably, so far as the new ditch is concerned.

It will not be long before the Senate will have to debate the question of repealing the tax on State banks.

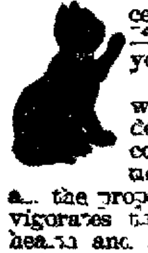
The Congressional Record of this session is already of portentous size. Page 700 was reached last Saturday.

The only Colorado paper that stands up for Senator Voorhees is the Aspen Leader.

Mr. Lafe Pence is an adept in the use of the *argumentum ad hominem*.

The Superiority of Women.

How long can it reasonably be expected that the old custom will last in deference to which wives are content to be known by the surnames of their husbands? All the recent tests tend to show the superiority of the female mind to that of the male. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer in a recent address supported the cause of coeducation with the argument that "nothing in the world will take the foolishness and romantic notions out of a girl so quick as to work with young men and find out how little they know." Of course marriage has the same effect, but after a girl is married it is too late for her to save her maiden name. If she arrives before marriage at the sophisticated stage that Mrs. Palmer describes, she may very reasonably demur to giving up a name which she feels competent to distinguish for one which will be handicapped by her husband's relative inferiority. All along the line this summer women have triumphed. In the recent assignment of general fellowships by the Chicago University young women got so disproportionate a share of the spoils as to scandalize the authorities. When the London Geographical society declined in the spring to admit women to its membership, the society's action was received not at all as evidence of the inferiority of women, but purely as a new proof of the limitations of men. Ten women passed the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos this year, and two of them came out wranglers. Three women took honors at Oxford, at which university also honor examinations were this year opened to women in three new courses. At London University, Miss Ogilvie, a prodigy of erudition from Aberdeen, passed with the highest credit the examination for the degree of Doctor of Science. At this rate, how long will women be content with the substance, and abstain from grasping the shadow also? How long will Miss Jones consent to be become Mrs. Smith? How soon will she demand a competitive examination between Smith and herself to determine before marriage which is the compelling entity, and whether it is more meet that she shall become a Smith, or that Smith and the children shall become Joneses?—Harper's Weekly.



AT AN END —the "female complaints" and weaknesses that make woman's life a misery. They're *cured*, by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For all the derangements, disorders, and diseases peculiar to the sex, this is the only remedy so certain that it can be *guaranteed*. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It's a legitimate medicine for woman, carefully adapted to her delicate organization, and never conflicting with any of her conditions. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, builds up and invigorates the entire system, and restores health and strength.

Are you weak, nervous and ailing, or "run-down" and overworked? Then it will bring you special help. It's the mothers' friend. It lessens pain and insures life of both mother and child.

Don't decide that your Catarrh is hopeless, simply because you haven't yet found a cure. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures just such cases—completely. Its proprietors offer $500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh.

STORM SWEPT.

A Howling Gale Brings Death and Ruin on the Coast.

FROM GEORGIA TO CAPE COD.

Charleston Suffers Again—Washington Despoiled of Its Glory—Wrecks at Philadelphia and New York—The Vigilant.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 28.—A special special to The Courier-Journal from Savannah, Ga., says:

"Almost on the anniversary of the great hurricane of 1881 Savannah was swept last night by one of the severest storms it has ever known. The storm which had been predicted by the weather bureau for several days began early in the afternoon and increased from then on until it reached the climax between 11 and 12 o'clock last night, having blown for eight hours in a terrific hurricane. It began raining early in the morning, but only in gusts. After the first fall it ceased entirely for several hours and did not begin again until after noon. Then the work of destruction began and lasted until the storm had spent its force at midnight. All the wharves along the river front, the ocean steamship company and Savannah, Florida and Western railway wharves were under water and the tide was still rising rapidly. A view of the city at daylight this morning revealed a scene of wreck and ruin that surpassed that of the great hurricane of 1881. The ruin at quarantine is immeasurable. Nothing is standing where one of the finest stations on the south Atlantic was twenty-four hours ago except the doctor's house and this weathered the storm. The wharves are gone, the new fumigation plant, which has cost the city so much money, is in the bottom of the sea, and nine vessels which were waiting there for release to come to the city are high and dry in the marsh and no doubt will be totally wrecked. The Cosnine was the only vessel which managed to keep afloat. The tug Paul S. arrived in the city at 5 o'clock this afternoon. She brought up about sixty passengers from the Tybee. Mr. Rivers, one of them, stated that four negroes engaged in clearing the railroad track were drowned. A sailor and the cabin boy on the schooner Hare, which is on her side on north beach, are drowned. It is reported that eight of the crew of a terrapin sloop which went ashore on the south beach were drowned. The Hotel Tybee is considerably damaged in front. The verandahs are gone. All the bath houses are gone. The K. of P. club house was washed away. Two of the cottages of the Cottage Club are gone. The railroad pavilion is all right. The Taylor house is damaged slightly. The Butler house is gone. Mr. Starr's house was washed into the woods. The Atlantic Club house is all right. The Rambler Club house was wrecked. The railroad track is cleaned out. George Bossell's cottage was swept out to sea. The North end is practically cleaned out. The water swept with tremendous force over this part of the island. Railroad tracks were carried from 200 to 500 feet. The Chatham Club house is badly damaged. The pavilions on the beach are gone, so is the switchback. An empty train is in the woods. Trains on all roads are coming in irregularly and some of them have entirely stopped to repair washouts. The church steeples are demolished and at least 500 large trees are blown down all over the city. The Tybee road is under water for the entire distance and in many places entirely washed away. There is no communication whatever with Tybee, except by water.

The streets were impassable from the debris, fallen trees, twisted roofs, masses of brick, fences and broken limbs and branches of trees were piled across the sidewalks and in the square, and broken wires swinging in every direction. It is impossible at this hour to estimate the damage as the result of the storm, but it was very general and it is safe to say that it will go up in the millions. Nearly everyone of the properties have been damaged to some extent and some to the amount of thousands. The list of fatalities is practically growing and it is impossible to tell to what extent it will go. Several bodies of drowned people were picked up during the morning and searches are now being made for others who are missing. Every hour seems to bring some new story of a death as a result of the storm. The drowning of Mr. A. C. Ulmer, assistant cashier of the Central railroad bank of Hutchinson's Island, was one of the most unfortunate fatalities of the storm. Mr. Ulmer owns a farm on the island and had gone over to pay off his hands and attend to other duties. There were bruises on his face and it is supposed that he struck an outshed when he jumped from his barn when it was about to be blown down. Steward was bruised in the back, and Miller, his dairyman, has not been found and it is presumed that he was drowned. The other fatalities so far reported are as follows:

Tony Holmes, colored, crushed in a house on Hutchinson's island.

Four unknown negroes drowned on the Brampton plantation, four miles from the city.

Lewis Gagnett, colored, ran into a live trolley wire and was killed.

Tattler Squire, a 6-year-old colored boy, drowned on Hutchinson's island.

John Williams, Mary Butler, Sarah Green, the last three drowned on a rice plantation south of the city.

Two unknown sailors were drowned at the Tybee plantation. There are forty or fifty persons who are reported missing and it is supposed, as nothing has been heard from them, that their bodies will be found later.

Twelve barks and barkentines which were anchored at Quarantine Station were blown upon the marsh and some of them were carried by the storm across the marsh and on to an island two miles distant from the station. One of the vessels at the place was completely capsized and three of the club houses on the island were blown entirely down the harbor. The wires are all down and Savannah is almost entirely shut off from telegraphic communication.

BRUNSWICK, Ga., Aug. 29.—Following in the wake of fever and famine, the elements have added destruction to the city. Yesterday morning at 3 o'clock a storm came from the northeast with heavy rain and continued until 9 o'clock when a gale began. The streets were flooded and made impassable to pedestrians. The storm ceased at daybreak. The Gracie, the largest pilot boat here, was overturned and a family of eight narrowly escaped drowning.

An unknown schooner is ashore on Jekyl island. The damage to buildings is considerable. All telegraph wires have been down for twenty hours. Last night all was calm.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Aug. 29.—A special to The Chronicle from Port Royal, S. C., brings the startling information that fully one hundred lives have been lost at Port Royal, Beaufort and neighboring points by drowning during the storm. Over twenty-five of these were seen by the correspondent and his information was received by others from reliable sources. Of the 100 persons killed and drowned, only six were white, the others being negroes. The negroes were so frightened and terror stricken, that many were killed and drowned by not leaving their cabins to seek places of safety.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 29.—While the record of terror and ruin wrought by the great disaster of 1885 remains unbroken, Charleston has again stood in the track of a cyclone which has shaken the old city to her foundation stones. The damage to property cannot be told and the loss of life is unknown. The citizens awoke Monday morning and gazed upon innumerable evidences of the hurricane which swept over the city Sunday afternoon and night—uprooted trees, fallen roofs, broken fences and in the less substantial parts of the city wrecked sheds and shanties were found everywhere.

The cyclone, with all the terrors which the word has to the people of this section, swept up the coast and across Charleston.

The famous battery is badly wrecked, while Point Garden was swept from the angle of the sea wall to the foot of King street. At one place on South Battery the break is 200 feet in length. Shell walks are destroyed and the entire city presents a sorry spectacle. The damage to churches will amount to over $50,000. The new bridge across Ashley river was swept away. Almost the entire river front is a wreck from East street to the railroad trestles.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Aug. 29.—Severe storms of wind and rain prevailed here yesterday and to-day, but caused no damage besides blowing down a few trees and fences and overturning two unfurnished frame buildings.

The three-masted schooner Three Sisters, with a cargo of lumber from Savannah for Philadelphia, was wrecked and abandoned off Cape Fear on the night of Aug. 28. Her commander, Captain Isaac Simpson of Marblehead, Pa., and Mate Johnson Reede of Park avenue, Baltimore, were washed overboard and drowned.

The brigantine Wistrow (German), Liverpool for this port, cargo of salt, went to pieces on Caswell beach. The crew were all saved at 11, having swam ashore. They are now at Caswell Life Saving station.

An unknown three-masted schooner is also reported ashore and leaking and showing signals of distress on the same beach two miles southwest of Southport. The life saving crew has gone to her assistance.

KERNERSVILLE, N. C., Aug. 29.—A terrific cyclone struck here at 5 o'clock this morning. A hundred houses were wrecked and a woman was killed. Many were injured.

The Baptist Church, a brick building, was razed to the ground. Factories, stores and residences were unroofed and some were blown entirely away. High winds and heavy rains are still raging.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 29.—The storm did great damage to crops all through North Carolina. Tobacco, corn and cotton were severely injured in this State.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Aug. 29.—The storm that set in here yesterday has hardly left a whole tree in Annapolis. Streets and yards are literally filled with limbs and in some instances whole trees. The damage around the wharves is also large.

ELKTON, Md., Aug. 29.—The storm reached Elkton last evening about 8 o'clock. The river at 10 o'clock this morning was higher than was ever known before. The damage by the wind will be great but the destruction wrought by the high water will be enormous. Water street is a perfect sea, water being in the houses to the depth of six feet. The people residing close to the river front had to be taken ashore in boats.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 29.—A dispatch from Atlanta states that during the storm at Sullivan's Island, S. C., A. Bryan and wife were drowned and Mrs. Poland was killed by a falling tree. Fifteen houses on the island were damaged.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—The storm did immense damage to the shade trees of Washington, tearing them up by the roots or dismembering them in every direction. The electric light and telephone service in Alexandria and Georgetown were crippled and in both these suburbs as well as in the city proper, great uneasiness was felt by the police and fire departments.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 29.—Two electrocutions occurred this morning as a result of the storm. Anthony Vanderslice, for forty years a Delaware river pilot, pushed aside an over-hanging wire which was crossed with a live electric light wire in Camden, N. J., and was instantly killed. An unknown Italian laborer did the same thing at Eighteenth and Harlan streets, and also dropped dead. The Delaware river was higher than it has been for years and wharves and structures along the river front in this city were flooded and considerable damage done. Delaware avenue was strewn with debris. The dry docks at Cramp's shipyard were damaged to the extent of $10,000 by the high tide.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—An electric wire that had been loosened by the storm fell in the street this morning upon two monster horses owned by a brewing company. Both animals were instantly killed. At 6:25 this morning the wind swept away nine houses that stood in a row on Bleecker street. These houses being unfinished, were not occupied.

At Grattan street four 4-story houses, that were going up, were lifted from their foundations.

Along Coney Island beach the roofs of many big buildings have been lifted off and carried blocks away.

On George Tilyou's World's Fair grounds the building where the Bolivian Indians were stopping was blown down. The Indians had deserted the building and had gone to the beach to pray. There was no one in the building when it fell. The big awning of a hotel on Seabeach Palace walk was blown down upon Charles Barlow, breaking four of his ribs.

Along the beach all of the Frankfurter, all the Catchpenny stands were carried out to sea. Electric and gas light globes were smashed in and large canvas awnings and flags torn into ribbons.

A corner of the roof of the Sea Bright Palace hotel was torn off and nearly every piece of glass in the building broken.

The fence around Paine's Fireworks was blown down and the long roof of Swigert's toboggan slide on Jones avenue was swept off. The big building of the Coney Island Athletic club was badly wrenched and all its windows were blown in. Razzle dazzles, merry-go-rounds, big wheels, and other amusement machinery were wrecked.

The Robert Garrett, the largest of the ferry boats of the Staten Island Rapid Transit line, was roughly handled by the wind and waves this morning. Her decks were stove in and the floor of the cabin torn up. The storm cut off all railroad communication between the New Jersey coast resorts and Philadelphia.

At 8 o'clock this morning a two-masted schooner was sighted off Asbury Park. Neither her name nor condition could be learned.

The iron pier at Long Branch gave up another ten feet to the ravages of the storm.

At Salem, N. J., all the fruit remaining on the trees from the last blow is off and the outlook for the farmers is a dark one. The corn crop is ruined. Part of the Bond Wave pier at Ocean Grove has been washed away and the big summer pavilion of "Founder" James A. Bradley, at the foot of Asbury avenue, has been badly damaged. The famous board walk at both Asbury Park and Ocean Grove is being torn up by the breakers which are by far the biggest ever witnessed along the coast. The ocean pier at the foot of Broadway Ocean Grove, known as Liligores pavilion, is wrecked. The beach at Long Branch, Asbury Park and Ocean Grove are lined with people who are weathering the storm to watch monster breakers toy with the ruins of the bathing-houses and the debris from the storm.

The yacht Vigilant, the prospective cup defender, came near being driven ashore this morning at New Rochelle. She dragged her anchors and was drifting on the broken rocks when tug boats arrived in time to pull her off before she was badly damaged.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Aug. 29.—Great damage was done to property here by the storm this morning. A hundred or more shade trees went down in the gale and chimneys and roofs were blown off in profusion. The side walls of Proctor's opera house were toppled over and the steeple of St. Paul's Church was badly damaged. It is impossible to accurately estimate the damage at present, though it must amount to over a million dollars in New Haven county, including the oyster beds and fruit crops.

BRIBERY AT THE FAIR.

One of the Judges Suspended Pending Investigation.

WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS, CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—The knowledge that another award had been offered to an exhibitor at the Exposition for a stipulated sum was made known this afternoon in the National Commission by John Boyd Thacher, chairman of the Executive Committee on Awards. Mr. Thacher appeared in the commission about 3 o'clock and stated that he had come over with the intention of requesting an executive session of the commission, but as he entered the hall he changed his mind and determined to let the public help him in the matter he was about to bring before the commission. He then stated that he had heard rumors of irregularities in the work of the judges in some departments for some time, but they had been so indefinite that he could not trace them to any source. He had, however, managed to trace and report upon the last case, which reached him on Saturday night. He then sent a package up to the clerk's desk for the information of the commission. It contained first a letter from Mr. Thacher to the president of the commission, which is as follows:

"I hereby report that the executive committee on awards has this day discharged Mr. H. F. Higbee, a judge in the department of manufactures, for conduct unworthy an honorable man. The accompanying affidavits explain the method of procedure adopted by him which is of such a nature as to justify this committee's action. The committee respectfully refers this to you and requests advice and instruction as to further dealing with this case.

Signed, JOHN BOYD THACHER,
Chairman."

The reading of the affidavits created a sensation and at once precipitated a discussion which lasted for over an hour. It was stated by several commissioners that only one side of the case had been heard and it would be unfair to condemn a man before he had been heard in his own defense. Commissioner Ryan of North Dakota stated that several exhibitors who were "not in it" at this Fair had determined to secure a medal in some manner and they would persecute a judge in any way possible when they learn that they had not commenced their exhibits. Mr. Thacher was finally induced by the commissioners, aided by the venerable Isabella B. Hooker, who sat near the New Yorker, to modify his report to the commission and he did so amending it to read:

"Suspended from duty pending investigation." The matter was then referred to the Committee on Awards for investigation. Mr. Higbee was formerly in the employ of a furniture house in Chicago and was a designer of pavilions for use at the Fair. Upon the presentation of letters from the firm he was recommended to the Awards Committee by Secretary Dickinson of the commission. The attempted award selling matter which came to light Saturday was the first business of the commission to-day.

Two More Banks Resume.

DENVER, Aug. 28.—Two more Colorado banks which closed during the recent panic will resume business to-morrow: the German National of Denver and the First National of Canon City.

The Walter A. Wood Harvester works at St. Paul will resume work in a few days. From 500 to 1000 men will be furnished employment.

Governor Waite's invitation to speak before the Trades Assembly at Columbus, O., has been revoked.

BILL THE BICYCLIST.

NYE'S EXPERIENCE OFF AND ON WITH A PNEUMATIC TIRE.

He Mows the Lawn In the Early Morning and Acquires a Tired Feeling—The Famous Ride of Riley and Reed—Nye's Latest Poem.

[Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.]

For a long time I would not be argued into getting a bicycle, for it is not suited to my time of life. It is not dignified for a man who has coasted with crowned heads to hump his back and claw into the air with both feet and scoot across the horizon with wild eyes and a distorted mouth like that of one who has tried to eat with a souvenir spoon to excess.

ON A PNEUMATIC TIRE.

"No," I said, "I was born too far back to pick this up. I can never ride the wheel in public successfully." I tried one of the tall kind once, because it looked so graceful, and it not only threw me in such a way as to drive my spectacles up my nose quite a long distance, but it followed me up and stepped on me and lay down on me and got one of its cold, hard treadles in the bosom of my bicycling jacket, where my lunch was.

But with a pneumatic tire and a low wheel there is less danger of shortening the spine and finding vertebræ in your shoes when you undress at night. The pneumatic tire is blown full of air, being a tight rubber tube encircling the wheel. Riding on air that way is great sport, especially to the witness. It is like running a lawn mower.

I have a large colored gent who exerts himself for me at a reasonable price, and I saw him from my study pushing the lawn mower one bright June morning till I could not stand it any longer. He pushed it from him as he would a watermelon, it was so easy. He kept singing something about like this:

Shall I be called when de great day come,
Or shall I hide my hade in shame?
Shall I jine de hosts dat wail and gum
'Caz Dennis is my Christian name?

And the green grass rolled like a fragrant cataract over the machine. I couldn't write because the sputter and buzz of that lawn mower and the hymn, or whatever it was, kept wooing me to the window, and I couldn't get two ideas together to save my reputation. Finally I gave up my job and went outside. It looked even easier out there than it did from the house.

"You may go down to the garden, Alcibiades," I said, "and weed the succotash pines awhile. I will finish mowing the lawn."

I took off my rich dressing gown and hung it up on the doghouse; took off my reversible cuffs and put them on the tail of a beautiful, ornamental iron dog which stands on the lawn, and started in.

But why go on? Every man with a soft muscle or two has tried these things to get up a glow. I did not do anything more or less than other men have done who need exercise and gorge themselves with it in an hour so that they can't bear the sight of it any more forever.

I mowed a place as big as this morning's paper, I think, a small rosebush and a rubber doll, when I began to see that the sun was rapidly removing the shade from the lawn and putting it over on the north side of the house.

I mowed down the old, rusty arches of a forgotten croquet set and got mad eight times and started a tumor at the place where I rested the handle of the mower against my person. The hotter I got the less I knew. I aimed at first to just fool with the machine awhile and quit, but as I went on and overheated my judgment I mowed down a bed of mignonette and some tuberoses that were just beginning to bear.

I would have mowed down a trainload of fresh air fund children if they had come my way, but that's nothing. Anybody would do that if they had ever met a fresh air fund outfit alone on the road.

Well, that's the same way I rode the bicycle, only I concealed myself while practicing. Then I went at it on rainy days. It was in the barn. I enjoyed it some, though at times I knocked the rafters a little to one side with my head. I soon learned, too, to carry in one hand a heavy club with which to knock over the machine whenever it hopped on me while I was down.

Next I learned how to repair my wheel if the pneumatic tire got punctured and let the climate out. You carry a little kit of things, gum and things, also a plumber's furnace by a strap over your shoulder, with your vest pocket full of charcoal, and then when your pneumatic tire gets a hole in it and looks like a pink tight in the hands of the sheriff you get off the wheel at the roadside, and the children of the district school come and stand by your side while you fix it.

I am not of a mechanical turn of mind, and so I could not find the hole where the air had escaped when I broke down. When you puncture your tire, you blow into the valve, and then, if you look soon enough, you will deftly discover the air in the act of escaping. Then you heat a piece of pneumatic pelt and solder it on as soon as possible.

I did not realize till I was 11 miles from home, at the bottom of a five mile hill in a bed of sand and "hit a-raining," how hard it was to find a pinhole in a rubber tire by watching for the place where the mean temperature is escaping.

DR PRICE'S
Cream Baking Powder
The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

As night came on and the children had to separate and go their several ways toward home I gave up the idea of repairs, carefully concealed the machine in a swamp and rode home on the running gear of a farmer's wagon, on which I badly pinched myself several times, which hurt me exceedingly.

Did you ever ride on the "reach," or the "bolster," or the "hounds" of a lumber wagon seven or eight miles in the noonday heat with your feet hanging down and gouging large holes in the road? It is equal to a straw ride among asylum acquaintances.

Referring to rides and vehicles, I am reminded of the chariot race in "Ben-Hur." Everybody remembers his wonderful picture and wishes that he had been first to write it. Every one calls to mind the speech of Ben-Hur to his steeds as they flew around the course; how he kept his temper even when Messala gave the Jew's beautiful horses a cut as he passed them, with his "Down, Eros! Up, Mars." But when the moment, the supreme moment, arrived, Ben-Hur, when all else was silent, addressed his horses:

"On, Atair. On, Rigel! What, Antares, dost thou linger now, good horse? Oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women sing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran. Victory, and the song will never end. Well done! Home tomorrow under the black tent—home. On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'Tis done. Ha, ha! Steady. The work is done. Soho. Steady!"

Rev. Myron W. Reed and James Whitcomb Riley one afternoon about the time of the publication of "Ben-Hur" went out to dine with George Hitt of The Journal at Indianapolis and came home in the evening full of "Ben-Hur." They took a surface car drawn by a pair of moth eaten mules. It was quite a ride from Hitt's chateau to the Dennison House, and so, as the car was unoccupied except by two colored ladies named Trask, who lived across the track—Eloise and Pearl Trask—they talked freely.

Shortly after these two gentlemen got on the car stopped, and the driver went back to set a switch or recover his whip, but soon it moved on in the darkness, gaining speed as the grade seemed gently descending, till directly the Misses Trask began to giggle and look sort of apprehensively toward the front of the car. Mr. Reed looked, too, and discovered that there was no driver. Moreover, the mules were running away.

The pastor made about two strides of eight feet each and found himself at the dashboard of the car, the lines dragging along the track and the driver a mile back looking for his whip.

The Misses Trask screamed as the car now and then returned to the track with a cruel shock, and Mr. Riley, extending his head through a ventilator at the top of the car, exclaimed "Help! help!" twice in rapid succession.

Mr. Reed, holding his hat on with one hand, reached twice for the lines beneath the car, and twice the off mule most put the pastor's eye out with its impressionist tail. At last Mr. Reed succeeded, and scorning the brake he slapped the nigh mule across the person with the lines, and waving his broad hat in the air he cried:

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares, dost thou linger now, good mule? Oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory, and the song will never end."

As the car passed the corner near where The Journal office was Mr. Riley again extended his head through a new place in the roof which he had made with his silk hat and ejaculated hurriedly: "Help! Help! Help! Will no one derail the car and save us?"

But his cry was drowned by the roar of the car and the remarks of Mr. Reed as he slapped the off mule with his slouch hat and exclaimed:

"Well done! Home tomorrow under the black tent—home! On, Antares! On, Aldebaran!"

It was a grand sight.

A MORNING MOW.

I think they went past the car stables eight times, and it is said that those same mules never ran away any more since that. You can leave them standing at a crossing now while you go away to Siberia, and when you come back they will be there.

Below I give a poem addressed to my farm during the late dry spell which visited our place:

MIDSUMMER ON MY PLACE AT A GIVEN POINT, AND LOOKING TOWARD ROAN MOUNTAIN BETWEEN THE STANZAS.

I.

Oh, the sweet potato's swelling on my upright farm,
And the sourwood blossom feeds the bee,
And Kope Elias with his strong right arm
Scoots the moonshine maker up a tree.

II.

Oh, the sun shines hot on my blue grass lawn,
And the mule goes on mighty sad,
For my upright farm is a dark venetian red,
And the eating clay is looking mighty bad.

III.

For my lawn is as red as the Sandy Bottom road,
And the peach busts open on the bough,
And my long parch-ed well at the back of my abode
Wants a cold, damp towel on its brow.

IV.

It never was so droughty since prior to the war,
When the apples got so wormy on the tree,
And it puzzled you all to know what they was for,
Except a gnurly death to you and me.

V.

But the banks may bust 'n do the money centers harm,
I reck not a low neck clam,
For I am content on my upright farm,
And that's why I seem like I am.

Bill Nye

How Blue Paper Was Discovered.

It was by the purest accident that the simple process of tinting white paper was discovered. It was the result of sheer carelessness in a woman. The wife of an English paper maker named William East, accidentally dropped the "blue-bag," a small bag full of bluing with which she was about to blue her washing, into a vat of pulp, where it lay long enough to give the entire mass a bluish tinge before, to her consternation, she recovered it. So terrified was she at the result of her gross carelessness and its disastrous result that she dared not mention the fact to her husband, whose dismay at what he considered the discoloration and destruction of the entire lot of paper made from the mass was his worry for months.

He considered the paper spoiled and an entire loss, but suffered it to remain in an out of the way place as unsalable stock for four years, when, in order to get it out of the way and to make room for better stock, he sent it to his agent in London, asking him to get rid of it at any price. To the paper maker's utter surprise, in a short time he received from his agent an order for a great quantity of the bluish paper and found upon inquiry concerning the sanity of the agent that the bluish paper being a novelty had taken wonderfully with the public. But East was in a dilemma, for he had no idea as to how to give the blue tinge to the paper ordered by his agent and wearily tried without result for many days and nights.

Mentioning his trouble to his wife one day she admitted her carelessness and told of the way in which the pulp happened to become spoiled by the bag of bluing. The paper maker was overjoyed at the revelation, found it an easy task to give the tinge to his white paper and until the time of his death, which occurred many years after, he was unable to supply the great demand for blue paper, so acceptable and relieving to the eye of the writer.—Boston Herald.

An Old Woman's Cure For Dyspepsia.

"The most remarkable thing that has ever occurred to me in my earthly career," said Eugene McKelsey, "occurred some years ago when I was afflicted with dyspepsia. I had a bad case, I assure you. Oh, I was all broke up. Food was disgusting. I had no appetite, and I just walked around looking for some place to lay down and die. Some time passed, and I grew worse. I saw myself a physical wreck, and try as I might I simply couldn't revive appetite nor ambition. Finally I ran into an old woman, a kind of witch I guess—old women are always witches when they dress in faded garments and predict to you—who said that I would get well if I should go to a certain farm and three times a day cast an ear of corn to a white pig and then listen to it eat. I do not believe in such rites; but, dear me, I was so sick that I was willing to try anything.

"So I bought a white pig, secured a pen for it within the mentioned farm limits, and daily made three journeys with an ear of corn that I threw in and then watched the pig eat. Well, do you know the sound of that pig crunching and sucking those corn grains made me hungry. Oh, I enjoyed the sensation so much. It made me ravenous. When I returned from my walk I wanted to eat. So I continued visiting the white pig and eating three good meals a day until I was myself again and as healthy as I am now. I don't care to understand the whyness of it now. I am only too glad to be well."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Unexpected Proof.

Principal—I have to send you on a very important errand, one demanding the greatest secrecy. Say, Mr. Meier, can I rely upon you? Are you able to keep a secret?

Clerk—Oh, certainly (whispering in principal's ear). I have been secretly engaged to your daughter for the last couple of years!—Forposten.

Literary Department.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR.

There is no end to the books that will be written about the Columbian Exposition, and every family in the United States will want some permanent memorial of this grandest of all displays of the world's progress. None that we have yet seen compares with "The Book of the Fair," a work prepared by Mr. Herbert Howe Bancroft, the well-known historian of the Pacific States, and published by the Bancroft company from the Auditorium Building in Chicago. This superb work is to be issued in twenty-five parts of about forty pp. each, at the rate of two parts monthly, and for $1 a part. The size is imperial folio. The paper is of very fine quality, and the 3000 illustrations are magnificent pictures of all the buildings and exhibits.

The first part—one of two which have already been issued—contains a history, in brief, of all previous World's Fairs, together with some account of the various national fairs from the earliest times to our own day. It is instructive to compare the various buildings that have contained the exhibits of other fairs, from the London crystal palace of 1851 to the structures of the French exposition in 1889, with the buildings that adorn the White City by Lake Michigan. The buildings of 1893 are so much finer in every way that really there is no comparison, even when they are taken singly; but the greatest beauty of our fair is the harmonious arrangement and grouping of the buildings, and the way in which they supplement each other.

Following the account of previous World's Fairs comes a sketch of the City of Chicago itself, and then, in the second part, an account of the inception and organization of the Fair, and the construction of its splendid palaces. All this is profusely illustrated, so that the reader gets a more complete idea than he could in any other way not only of the buildings themselves but of the way in which they were reared.

In the following parts all the buildings will be treated in detail, with views both without and within, and also illustrations of the exhibits. The Midway Plaisance will also be fully described and illustrated; in fact every feature of the Fair will receive attention; so that the work, when complete, will be the most perfect possible compendium of all that is best worth seeing and remembering at this greatest of all exhibitions.

Such a volume constitutes the best possible souvenir of the Fair and all that pertains to it, and we have no hesitation in recommending this particular one as the best and most complete of any we have yet seen.

"SOCIAL TEST-WORDS."

The leading article in the last number of The Critic is on Social Test-Words, and is signed "New Englander." It contains some very remarkable statements, which seem to us worthy of some attention. The writer, who, we take it is a woman, begins in this way:

> I happened to refer lately to what I called the vulgarism of pronouncing the word tomato, *tomayto*. To my great surprise, the friend whom I was addressing, who is one of the most refined and fastidious of women, raised the question of my being right. "I feel just as you do about that word," said she; "and yet a very cultivated woman told me that *tomayto* was really right, and *tomarto* wrong," according to the dictionary. Much surprised, I consulted my own Webster, and found that both pronunciations were given as right. Another dictionary, Nuttall's, also gave both, and Worcester gave a variety of authorities on both sides, quoting other dictionaries. Having made this discovery, I yet feel that if all the dictionaries that I could find should tell me to say *tomayto*, I should yet continue to say *tomarto*, as I did before. And why this serene and self-satisfied obstinacy? Simply because all the refined and cultivated people that I know, with the one exception mentioned, pronounce the word as I do, and that pronunciation has come to be considered what we call "good form."

It must have been a strange edition of Webster which gave the pronunciation "tomarto" as correct. It is not so given in any dictionary whatever that we have ever seen. Webster does give "tomayto" and "tomahto" or sounds that are fairly represented by those spellings; and it is possible that "New Englander" meant "tomahto" when she wrote "tomarto." If she did, the question arises whether it is not at least as "bad form" to murder the letter "r" as she has done as it is to say "tomayto."

Further on in her letter, "New Englander" continues:

> In the same way, if a woman should say to me "I love *tomaytoes*; I think they're elegant," I should place her quite low down in the social scale, as much from her pronunciation of tomato, as from the fact that she "loved" an eatable, or used the word "elegant," when she meant "excellent," or "delicious."
>
> There are several words whose pronunciation I think may be decided upon in the same way, and may be regarded as test-words by which to judge those who use them. Whether banana is one of these, I am not quite sure, but it is certainly so in New England, where it is universally pronounced bananna, excepting by the class of people that sell the fruit, who pronounce it banana or banayna. Possibly in other parts of the country, where the short sound of the a is used, cultivated people may also pronounce the word in the same way, but I should suppose that the fact of its evident foreign origin would keep the a long in all cases.

This seems to make it certain that the r in these words is used simply to indicate that the preceding vowel has a broad, continental sound. If so, how would the writer pronounce "farthing"? Undoubtedly she would say fahthing. This disappearance of the letter r is rather a remarkable phenomenon. It is as marked in New York as it is in New England, and in the "smart set" has almost disappeared. Its survival is at the end of words where it does not belong, as for instance, in the name of Anna-r Amelia. Probably not one New Yorker or New Englander in ten would pronounce those two words consecutively without introducing the r to break the hiatus between the two vowels.

But to return to our tomatoes, "New Englander" is right enough in saying that the standard is the habitual pronunciation of the cultivated people one knows—provided one knows enough of them. But in case of doubt, the dictionary—especially Worcester's, which is more conservative than Webster's, and gives more authorities, is generally a better guide than the usage of any small coterie to which one happens to belong.

As for the fashion now prevalent among the "smart set" in New York to Anglicize their pronunciation completely, it is altogether detestable. Pronunciations and accents that are perfectly natural and proper to a Briton are ridiculous affectation in an American.

BRIEF NOTICES.

The Californian for September comes to the front promptly with the beautiful colored cover of poppies which the publishers have adopted during the World's Fair. The issue is rich in fiction and illustrated descriptive articles. Indian life on the plains is graphically presented in a paper by Verner Z. Reed on "The Southern Utes", in which many interesting features in the life of these people are brought out. The illustrations are from photographs and fine sketches by Harmer and Craig. A paper of more than ordinary interest is a description of the children of the street in San Francisco. The rise of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association is described by its founder, the late Mrs. E. T. Y. Parkhurst. Ensign Burke, in a paper on the naval reserve, shows what the Golden State has done in this direction. The article is richly illustrated. The silver question is presented in two timely papers by Congressman Bowers of San Diego and Hon. M. M. Estee of San Francisco. John Craig gives a most interesting exposition of the arts of "The Smuggler," while some illustrated papers of interest are: "Irving" by Peter Robertson, the "Nevada Footprints" and "Ibsen." Of the quality of the verse our readers may judge from "The Rose Window," reprinted elsewhere on this page.

Godey's Magazine for September contains many attractive features. First comes the complete novel, "Si's Daughter," by Frederick B Mott. This is a strong and dramatically told story of Western life, and is superbly illustrated by Geo. Wharton Edwards. "The Woman Question in Japan" is a timely illustrated article by Helen E. Gregory-Flesher; Cornelia Kane Rathbone has a short story called "A Dethroned Ideal," and Mary Kyle Dallas contributes "Mr. Magog's Wooing." The water color portraits are those of Mrs. Francis C. Carolyn of San Francisco and Mrs. Arthur J. Caton of Chicago, and all the departments are complete. The poems are by Clinton Scollard, Richard Burton, Albert Hardy, Belle Hunt, Clara Dixon Davidson and others.

It seems to us that in this number we detect an improvement in Godey's, more especially in the quality of the verse. "The Iris" and "Tints" reprinted elsewhere on this page, are little gems.

The Ladies' Home Journal for September has an interesting study of "What is Written in a Woman's Face," for those who are fond of character reading. "The Daughter of Andrew Johnson" and "The Widow of Stonewall Jackson" occupy a page together.

Mr. Howells's story promises the conclusion next month, the usual controversies on home matters, have their place, and "The Girl in the Church" and "The Girl Who Goes to College" are remembered, kindly.

The boys will like the story of how illegible directions are deciphered by Mrs. Collins at the Dead Letter office, and the little folks will gladly follow their own "Brownies" through Holland and Russia.

Harper's Bazar for August 26th contains two charming short stories: "Angela," by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, and "A Cajun Wooing," by Mrs. Lylie O. Harris. The concluding chapter of Mr. Louis Rhead's interesting series on the "Elements of Flora Design" also appear in this number. Some fascinating and attractive "Glimpses of the Fair" are given in a page of illustrations by Mr. T. Dart Walker.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, the well-known Southern writer, has been editing Harper's Young People since the late A. B. Starey fell ill, early in July.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Private Life," a group of three social episodes, by Mr. Henry James, has just appeared, from the Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The first sketch presents a Swiss summer resort for a scene, where some typical celebrities in art or literature happen to be thrown together; and it illustrates (with a dash of mysticism) the difficulty that one sometimes finds in reconciling notable men and women with ideals of what they should be when studied in private life.

The Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn will contribute to the September Forum an acute and critical survey of the present relations of the Vatican and the United States. Dr. McGlynn, who returned recently from Rome with the Pope's blessing, will recite incidentally in this paper the exact language of his remarkable personal conversation with Leo XIII., during which the Pope expressed himself unrestrainedly with regard to the Satolli-Corrigan controversy, and frankly condemned fomenters of dissension within the church in the United States.

Macmillan & Co. promise a reprint of the Moxon (1857) edition of Tennyson's poems. It is not only to be illustrated with the original pictures by Millais, Holman Hunt, Stanfield, Maclise, Rossetti and others, but even the old woodplates are to be used without new engraving. One hundred copies on large paper, with the cuts on Japanese paper, will be printed.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have issued this week "A Child's History of France," by John Bonner, whose similar histories for young people have been for some years before the public. The aim of the little book is a concise summary, with ample relief in the way of anecdotes. The illustrations are very numerous and excellent.

The article concerning the Bronte family that was printed recently in McClure's Magazine is a portion of a work that the Rev. Dr. William Wright has been preparing. This book will be entitled "The Bronte Family," and will be soon published by the Appletons.

Harper & Brothers have published Walter Besant's new novel, "The Rebel Queen," another story of what the Germans call the *tendenz* class, made so useful and interesting before now by Mr. Besant. Underlying the actual plot of novel are considered such questions as the attitude of Europe towards the educated Jew, the problem of the working poor, and the social rights of women—this last the novel's main theme.

Mr. H. C. Bunner's "Made in France," French stories retold with a United States twist, is to be published by Keppler & Schwartzman. Mr. and Mrs. Bunner were recently in Paris, where the former made notes for more than one of the new series of "Short Sixes" which is to begin soon in Puck.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge has just completed her 70th year. She has written thirty-eight novels and thirty books other than fiction, and is still writing. Her best known novels are "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "The Daisy Chain."

Mr. Kipling has written for the August National Review a story entitled "The White Seal." As it treats of seal life in and about the Pribyloff islands, it should prove of great interest while we are still waiting for the result of the Bering Sea arbitration.

The September Forum will contain an article on the silver question by Mr. J. J. Hagerman of this city.

ONE DOLLAR A WORD.

Famous Men Who Can Easily Get This Sum For Writing.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21—There are a number of men who have no reputation as writers who would be able to command at almost any time higher rates for magazine or newspaper articles than almost any of those litterateurs who have gained fame by reason of their writings. Mr. James R. Keene, who is well known as one of the most successful and picturesque of those men who deal in Wall street in New York city, has been many times asked to write over his own signature upon any topic which he chose and to name his own price, which would cheerfully be paid. As Mr. Keene sometimes has found his fortune appreciate as much as $100,000 in a single day, it is easy to see that if he charged for such service in proportion to his earning capacity he would receive an almost fabulous sum for an article from 2,000 to 5,000 words in length.

The only occasion since those early days of his poverty, when he made his living as a newspaper writer, that Mr. Keene overcame his disinclination to write was in the summer of 1877, just after he had held at bay an army of Wall street speculators, having sustained the market single handed for an entire day, backed by gold which his California friends sent to him, and thereby unquestionably prevented such a panic as this country has not seen excepting possibly in 1857 and 1873.

The strain upon his nervous system of thus maintaining the market against the combined assault of frightened investors and speculators was so great that a few days after Mr. Keene was stricken with an illness which threatened to develop into paralysis of the brain. He was removed to Long Branch as soon as it was possible to lift him from his bed, and there, after some difficulty and through the offices of the late Sam Ward, Mr. Keene consented to dictate an interview for publication. Mr. Ward labored with him for more than two hours before the great operator consented.

At that time Mr. Ward was entertaining his nephew, F. Marion Crawford, and had been so highly pleased with a story which Mr. Crawford told him of an experience in India that he advised the young man to write it out and that he would see that it found a publisher, and thus it was that the story which made Marion Crawford famous, "Mr. Isaacs," came to be written and printed and Crawford's career determined.

Mr. Keene was greatly interested in Mr. Ward's narration to him of this tale, which had not then been printed, and he told Mr. Ward some of the early California experiences of his which seemed quite as marvelous as did the story of Mr. Isaacs, and it was then that Mr. Ward said to him: "Mr. Keene, if you were not a great speculator, you might become a great novelist."

Mr. Keene finally received the representative of one of the New York newspapers. He lay upon his bed, which was in a quiet room of one of the Long Branch hotels. The room was very simply furnished, and it seemed impossible to believe that the man who lay there content apparently with the almost humble surroundings of this 10 by 12 room was able, if he chose, to buy the hotel and a good deal of the adjacent property without materially affecting his pocketbook.

He began slowly to dictate. It seemed as though he weighed every word. He frequently changed a word in order to put in its place another which would more clearly express his meaning. When a sentence or a paragraph had been written down, Mr. Keene would ask to have it read over, and when this was done he repeated it several times, his patience and care being quite as great as characterized Ruskin or Russell Lowell when they were engaged in prose composition.

Thus for five hours this great financier lay there composing and dictating this article. The mental strain was exhaustive both upon Mr. Ward, who was present, and upon the newspaper reporter. Once during the interview a telegram was brought to Mr. Keene from the hotel office. He opened it, read it and tossed it upon the table with no more concern than though it had announced a most trivial matter to him.

This article appeared the following day in print. It was the sensational publication of the month. It was republished either in whole or in part in a great number of newspapers. It commanded attention not only from financiers, to whom every word uttered by Mr. Keene then and since upon financial matters was received with absorbing interest, but it also made a deep impression upon literary men on account of the singular purity of its English and the lucidity and felicity of its style.

The editor of the paper in which the article appeared would gladly have sent Mr. Keene a check for $2,500 for it, but the great financier did not and would not write for pay. He earned a fortune while he was dictating that article, for the telegram which he received announced that a sudden appreciation that day in a line of stocks held by Mr. Keene was so great that if he chose to sell his profits would be $50,000.

Ex-Speaker Reed has only recently been tempted to write, and for his writings he has received a price quite as large as the handsome sum once paid Mr. Gladstone by an American publisher for a magazine article. Governor McKinley was offered $1,000 for a 1,000 word article; Governor Russell of Massachusetts a sum almost as large, but for a little longer article. Secretary Carlisle, if he could find time to write, could materially increase his income by so doing, and there is not one of the more prominent politicians and financiers who could not more than match the earnings of some of the greatest of the litterateurs, provided only they were willing to accept offers which have been made to them. It is noticed, however, that the timidity or repugnance which used to prevail among men of affairs about writing for the public prints is very rapidly passing away.

E. J. EDWARDS.

RUSKIN'S WEDDING ROMANCE.

The Story of the Eccentric Critic's Marriage and Divorce.

John Ruskin did a strangely wayward thing when he consented to get married. He did a most erratic and, to the public, a most inexplicable thing when he arranged for his divorce. He had accepted some of the loftiest traditions about womanhood that men sometimes read and talk about and he looked for his ideal companion. One night he met her in the drawing room of a London friend, who, without his knowing it, had brought the young lady to meet the eyes of the great writer.

It was a June night. He was 35, and she looked like a Greek goddess. He was dazzled. She was a tall, graceful girl of 19, with a face and figure as faultless as one of the statues of old. No one ever expected Ruskin to fall in love, and he did not. She was poor, needed a home and its comforts, and so they were married.

Their wedded life was peaceful, friendly, kindly to the highest degree, but there was not a spark of affection to enlighten their existence. She admired the great man she had married and was grateful for the wealth and comfort he showered on her. He worshiped her as he would the marble made life like by the sculptor's chisel.

There was nothing human about the life they led as husband and wife, and she was a woman who in her heart, like all true women, laughed at the traditions that made her sex love distant worship.

One day Ruskin brought an artist to paint his wife's picture. And the man was Millais, and he was a bright, cheery, handsome fellow, human every inch of him, with a great and absorbing love for the beautiful and a willingness to tell of his love.

He began to paint the portrait of the magnificent woman, and when he had finished he was in love with his friend's wife. Woman like she saw it, and perhaps she was not full of sorrow and reproach. It was the first tribute of real manly love that had ever laid at her feet.

And Ruskin! His wide eyes saw the romance that was weaving around those two lives, and his heart realized how little affection he had to lavish on the woman he had made his wife. How he told her the story of his pride in her, and the sacrifice he was to make for her, while she lay prone at his feet, is one of the things which only he or she could tell.

It is difficult to obtain a divorce in England, but John Ruskin secured it for her, and one bracing morning in the early winter, a month after the divorce was granted Ruskin stood beside the couple in one of London's quiet churches and saw them made man and wife.

That was a good many years ago, and since then Millais has become rich and famous and is now Sir John, and his wife is my Lady Millais. The warmest, sturdiest friend the struggling painter had in his toiling days was the man whose wife he had married, and through all the years of Millais' later success and greater honor John Ruskin has been the welcome guest and daily visitor to the man and woman whose lives he so unselfishly crowned with happiness.

It is a strange story, and the world knows little about it, and some men have condemned him, as some women have censured her. But the two men and that one woman who knew best have been happy and contented with the change that John Ruskin's pure unselfishness brought into their lives. And so the world should not complain.—Chicago News.

Subscribe for the Sunday Gazette.

WORTH WHILE.

I pray thee, Lord, that when it comes to me
To say if I will follow truth and thee,
Or choose instead to win, as better worth
My pains, some cloying recompense of earth—

Grant me, Great Father, from a hard fought field,
Forespent and bruised, upon a battered shield,
Home to obscure endurance to be borne
Rather than live my own mean gains to scorn.

Far better fall with face turned toward the goal,
At one with wisdom and my own worn soul,
Than ever come to see myself prevail,
When to succeed at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and therewith be content—
Save me from that! Direct thou the event
As suits thy will. Where e'er the prizes go,
Grant me the struggle, that my soul may grow.

—Edward S. Martin in Scribner's.

THE ROSE-WINDOW.

Do you know how the saffron sunset gleams
Through the wonderful old rose-window at Rheims?
There's a row of saints, too, just below—
You'd not believe how their forms can glow,
Blue and purple, and gold and red,
And we stood in the light their splendor shed.

Under that French Cathedral dome
Our alien spirits were far from home.
Yet, from its early cloistral days,
Its flagellations, its hymns of praise,
Its deep confessions, its monkish scrolls,
Something descended into our souls.

The silence wrought like a subtle spell;
The sense of space was a miracle,
And memories there were thickly set
As gems in an old queen's coronet

Where all that penance, and all that pride,
And much old anguish had lived and died—
And white-hot rapture, and triumph cold
We brought our new world into the old,
And right in those poor old martyrs' sight
We turned and kissed in the lambent light.

Did not the past, in cowled gloom
Rise from its desecrated tomb?
Nothing! No ghostly index shook
Curses at us. We calmly took
A private view of the mystic place
To us, that kiss was its crowning grace.

—Jennie Peet, in September Californian.

TINTS.

Her heart was young and Love came to it,
She looked through Space; there was no night,
But glint and glisten through and through it,
A dazzling white.

Her heart was rife and Love went from it,
She looked through Space, he came not back
But sped away, a flamed-paved comet,
Then all was black.

Her heart was old, but Work came to it
And filled the dole of night and day,
But life was bleak—for through and through it
All things were gray.

—Belle Hunt, in September Godey's.

THE IRIS.

From out the morning skies, the legend goes,
Dame Nature took the tinting for the rose.

Some flowers at evening in the fading light
Received the tints and colors of the night.

But at high noon, when skies were sparkling blue,
The proud and queenly Iris caught its hue.

—Albert Hardy, in September Godey's.

GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

How the Greater Part of This Country Was Acquired and What It Cost.

When independence was established, the bounds of the new country were extremely indefinite. The limit of the 13 states were known with reasonable exactness, though there were at the outset disputes both between the states and between the United States and the European governments whose possessions lay alongside ours. The first great acquisition of territory was that of Louisiana, which Spain had ceded to France, and which the Emperor Napoleon sold to the United States for $15,000,000 in 1803, when Mr. Jefferson was president. Mr. Jefferson did not believe that the constitution permitted the United States to annex foreign territory and wished that an amendment should be adopted to sanction it, but the amendment failed after the annexation had been accomplished, and Mr. Jefferson stifled his scruples.

Louisiana, as acquired from France, included the territory bounded on the east by the Mississippi river from its mouth to its source, on the north by the line of the British possessions, on the west by the Pacific ocean to the south line of Oregon. The other boundary follows the north line of California, Nevada and Utah as far east as the Rocky mountains and thence in a general southeastwardly direction so as to include part of Colorado and most of Kansas and the Indian Territory and all of Arkansas and Louisiana to the gulf of Mexico.

Florida was for many years the object of covetousness on the part of our government, which claimed now a part and now the whole as included in the Louisiana purchase. The United States finally obtained it from Spain in 1819, when Mr. Monroe was president. What was known as West Florida—including the part of Alabama in which Mobile is situated—had already been seized and held forcibly. Texas, originally a part of Mexico, set itself up as an independent republic in 1836. Its population consisted largely of bold and somewhat reckless adventurers from the southern states. In one year Texas had established independence after a sharp war with Mexico and a few months afterward applied for union with this country.

The question remained open until, having agitated American politics for many years and having cost Mr. Van Buren the Democratic nomination for president in 1844, it was finally settled in 1845. Texas was annexed and admitted as a state of the Union by a joint resolution approved by President Polk. California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and the western part of Colorado were acquired by conquest. They were ceded to the United States at the close of the Mexican war, during Polk's administration, in 1848. Nevertheless nearly $20,000,000 was paid to Mexico in settlement of certain claims as the price of the territory.

Excepting West Florida, already referred to, this is the only territory gained by the sword. A strip of land in southern Arizona was not in the Mexican cession, but was bought in 1853, Pierce being president at the time, for $10,000,000. Thus the country became possessed of all its present territory between Canada on the north and Mexico on the south. Alaska was purchased of Russia during Mr. Johnson's presidency in 1867, and the sum of $7,200,000 was paid for it. Its total area is almost the same as that of all the territory obtained of Mexico by conquest and purchase.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Reducing a Minister's Salary.

A certain church in this city reduced the salary of its pastor $50 after his wife died because his expenses wouldn't be as large. Soon after he had a call to another field, and a new pastor with a large family came. But the salary was not raised; on the contrary, it was cut again, doubtless because his children would soon be able to work.—Springfield Graphic.

BEYOND THE CITY

(Continued from Third Page.)

"The queen, heaven bless her."

"Oh, you were in the royal navy. What rating did you hold?"

"I am admiral of the fleet."

The manager started and sprang down from his high stool.

"My name is Admiral Hay Denver. There is my card. And here are the records of my service. I don't, you understand, want to push any other man from his billet, but if you should chance to have a berth open I should be very glad of it. I know the navigation from the cod banks right up to Montreal a great deal better than I know the streets of London."

The astonished manager glanced over the blue papers which his visitor had handed him. "Won't you take a chair, admiral?" said he.

"Thank you. But I should be obliged if you would drop my title now. I told you because you asked me, but I've left the quarter deck, and I am plain Mr. Hay Denver now."

"May I ask," said the manager, "are you the same Denver who commanded at one time on the North American station?"

"I did."

"Then it was you who got one of our boats, the Comus, off the rocks in the bay of Fundy? The directors voted you 300 guineas as salvage, and you refused them."

"It was an offer which should not have been made," said the admiral sternly.

"Well, it reflects credit upon you that you should think so. If Mr. Henry were here, I am sure that he would arrange this matter for you at once. As it is, I shall lay it before the directors today, and I am sure that they will be proud to have you in our employment and I hope in some more suitable position than that which you suggest."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said the admiral and started off again, well pleased, upon his homeward journey.

To be Continued Next Week

Dignity and Duty.

The following story is told of the archbishop of Canterbury when he was head master of Wellington college: One day the prince consort attended by a single equerry rode over to Wellington and arrived just as the doctor was about to address his boys. The prince expressed a wish that the master should proceed in his presence. Having with bare head, as etiquette demanded, shown the prince to a seat, he turned to the boys, and replacing his cap began lecturing them. Just then the equerry hurried up and nudged him on the elbow.

"Dr. Benson," said he.

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"His royal highness is present," whispered the equerry.

"I am proud to know it," was the answer.

The doctor had spoken scarcely a half dozen words before the courtier again broke in:

"Dr. Benson, we all remain uncovered in his royal highness' presence."

"I am his royal highness' most humble and devoted servant," rejoined the doctor, at the same time bowing low, with uncovered head, to the prince.

"But," turning to the boys once more and replacing his cap, "I am also my boys' head master."—London Tit Bits.

Memory's Impressions on the Brain.

It is computed by leading physiologists that since one third of a second suffices to produce an impression on the brain, a man who has lived to be 100 years old must have collected upon the folds of his brain matter at least 9,467,280,000 impressions. Or, again, take off one third for sleep, and we still find not less than 6,311,520,000 indentations—memory's finger marks—on and in the brain. This would give 3,155,760,000 separate washing impressions to the man who lives to be but 50 years old.

Allowing an average weight of four pounds to the brain, deduct one-fourth for blood and other vessels and attachments, and another fourth for external integuments, and we still find that each separate grain of brain matter contains 205,542 traces or impressions of ideas. Of course, these calculations and general deductions must be applied according to the temperament of the individual. Well may it be said that "divine handiwork is grandly shown in the wonderful faculty which we call memory."—Philadelphia Press.

Saw a Snake Five Miles Off.

A few days ago Mr. James M. Neal, a Georgia farmer, ascended the town hall tower at Sandersville with a friend to try a new telescope. When Mr. Neal drew a focus on his plantation, which is five miles north of Sandersville, he remarked to his friend, Colonel Fleming, that he was satisfied with the telescope. He then shifted it to his pasture. He observed a great commotion among his cows, and upon adjusting the focus to a nicety he noticed that a tremendous rattlesnake was the cause of the trouble. He quickly handed the telescope to Colonel Fleming, descended the iron steps, mounted his horse, and in a short while reached his place, where he found two of his cows lying dead from the effects of the serpent's bite. He found the snake and killed it. It had 14 rattles and a button.

Then He Went.

He had been worshiping her for months, but had never told her, and she didn't want him to. He had come often and staid late, very late, and she could only sigh and hope. He was going away the next day on his vacation, and he thought the last night was the time to spring the momentous question. He kept it to himself, however, until the last thing. It was 11:30 by the clock, and it wasn't a very rapid clock. "Miss Mollie," he said tremulously, "I am going away tomorrow." "Are you?" she said, with the thoughtlessness of girlhood, as she gazed wistfully at the clock. "Yes," he replied, "Are you sorry?" "Yes, very sorry," she murmured. "I thought you might go away this evening," then she gazed at the clock wistfully and he told her good night.—Detroit Tribune.

He Had Seen the Scarecrow.

One Somerville young man who was spending a fortnight in the country lost a chance of making a favorable impression on the farmer's pretty daughter the very first day he came. Her father came by the front of the house, where the young man was trying to make himself agreeable, and the girl introduced him, saying:

"This is my father, Mr. Smythe."

"Oh, yes," responded the young man, turning toward the old man, and slowly holding out his hand. "I saw you standing over in the cornfield a little while ago, when I came up the road."—Somerville Journ.

DEATH OF H. A. RISLEY

Manager of the Gazette Printing Company Passes Away.

EIGHTY YEARS OF AGE.

A Sketch of His Life—Early Manhood in New York State—Public Services in Washington From 1863 to 1875—His Later Years in Colorado.

A telegram was received in this city Wednesday afternoon announcing the death at West Newton, Mass., of Mr. Hanson A. Risley, for many years a well known resident of this city, and for the past two years manager of The Gazette Printing company. The immediate cause of his death was heart trouble, which had developed rapidly during the last few months. Mr. Risley with his wife left Colorado Springs last January for an extended Eastern trip. They first went to Hot Springs, Ark., for the benefit of Mrs. Risley's health. From there they went to Washington for a few weeks; then to Mr. Risley's old home in New York State; and in June arrived in West Newton, Mass., where Mr. Risley's death occurred. In a letter received here a few days since, Mr. Risley made no mention of ill health, and it is therefore supposed that the end came quietly and suddenly.

H. A. Risley had a long and eventful life. He was born in Fredonia, N. Y., June 16, 1813, making him a few months over 80 years old at the time of his death. In a letter written to a friend in this city last June, he said: "My health continues excellent. This is the anniversary of my birth, so I enter upon my 80th year to-day. The Calender tells me I am an old man, although I do not feel so old."

The Risley family were early in America, Richard Risley, the founder, having come to Massachusetts from Boston, England, in 1633; and they have been ever since among the foremost and sturdiest citizens of the Eastern States.

Mr. Risley was educated at the Academy in Hamilton, N. Y. After his graduation he began the study of law in the office of a relative in Buffalo and when he was admitted to the bar he began the practice of his profession in Dunkirk, N. Y. His first duties in public life were when in his early manhood he was appointed Clerk of the General Assembly of New York which office he held for one term.

There he became the close friend of Governor Wm. H. Seward and the intimacy continued until the death of Governor Seward many years thereafter. The men were frequent visitors at the homes of each other and the acquaintance was of an almost brotherly character. Mr. Seward became so charmed with the disposition and manner of Mr. Risley's daughter, Olive, that he took her into his own home and she assumed the name of Olive Risley Seward.

Mr. Risley's life at this time was an especially eventful and interesting one. He enjoyed the acquaintance of many of the leading public men of the day, including Daniel Webster, Governor Marcy, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley and many others. On the occasion of the completion to Dunkirk of the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad, of which he was counsel, Mr. Risley entertained Daniel Webster and others at his home in Dunkirk. Mr. Risley attained much prominence in his native State and much of this and of his life afterward in Washington is delightfully set forth in his "Reminiscences," which have been given before Colorado Springs audiences. He loved in after years to visit his old home and its surroundings and mingle with his former fellow-citizens. His addresses to them on several occasions have been preserved and are notable for their lofty thought and intense patriotism. Among these are the address at the dedication of Forest Hill cemetery, Fredonia, March 30, 1873; a Fourth of July oration at Fredonia in 1868; a commemoration day address at Fredonia on May 30, 1869; and an oration at the laying of the corner stone of the State Arsenal in Dunkirk, May 21, 1858.

Mr. Risley remained in Dunkirk in the practice of his profession until June, 1863, when he was called to public life in Washington. He was first appointed one of the supervising special agents of the Treasury department in connection with the cotton purchases. He continued in this position for a time and afterward became assistant solicitor of the Treasury department under President Johnson. His life in Washington was one of great activity and full of interest. It was a pleasure to listen to his graphic and vivid descriptions of the men and events of this stirring period in the nation's history.

His public life in Washington concluded in 1875 when he came to Colorado with General Wm. J. Palmer and engaged in various enterprises here. In 1876 he was for one year the editor of THE GAZETTE, prior to Mr. Steele's coming. In 1878 Mr. Risley was appointed solicitor of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad; and in June, 1879 when the road was in difficulty with the Santa Fe, he was appointed receiver of the company. Soon thereafter he was succeeded in the receivership by L. C. Ellsworth. He continued his connection with the corporation, however, as general solicitor of the land department after the railroad began to make numerous extensions. In 1884 he resigned this position and afterward lived quietly in Colorado Springs, retaining a connection with various corporations having office in this city.

It is not known that Mr. Risley left any brothers or sisters, having survived them all. He was twice married; in early life in New York, and in his later years in Colorado. He leaves a widow and two daughters, Olive Risley Seward, whose home is in Washington, and Mrs. Alfred Rodman of Dedham, Mass.

Died from His Injuries.

Some three or four weeks ago R. E. Wood, a railroad fireman, was coming down the Cog road on the toboggan, a simple machine for sliding down the track at a rapid rate, with two other men. They were thrown and all of them more or less injured, Wood having one of his legs broken. He was taken to Glockner home, this city, and had so far improved that he was able to get out of his room Thursday. Yesterday morning when the sisters went to call him they found him dead. A post mortem examination was made by Dr. Caristopher and Coroner Marlow and showed that death had resulted from a blood clot in the heart. A clot of blood had formed in a vein near the wound and finally reached the heart.

Young Wood was about 25 years of age. He was buried Sunday afternoon, with services at the Baptist Church in Colorado City at 2 o'clock.

Alderman Finegan on Trial.

There was a lively time in Justice Walker's court Friday. Alderman Frank Finegan was on trial charged with assault, but as usual the representative from the Fourth ward came out on top. The Misses Ellen and Francis Simpson are neighbors of the Alderman. Both are spinsters of mature years and of Celtic origin. As their house is in the fire limits they have been unable to put up a frame addition, and recently they were ordered to connect with the sewers. For these apparent hardships they have blamed their representative in the Council chamber, and have been taking revenge by taunting and abusing his little adopted daughter. Thursday evening the Alderman and the elder Miss Simpson met in the alley back of their house on South Cascade avenue and warm words ensued. In fact the residents of that portion of the city thought there was a wake in progress. The Alderman took a stick to his opponent, but whether he paddled her with it is not quite clear from the evidence. The Misses Simpson put up $4 in Justice Walker's court to get out a warrant for Mr. Finegan's arrest, but refused to go in for any more costs. The trial came on yesterday afternoon, and the Cook & Whitby circus was not a marker to it for fun. The maiden Irish ladies conducted their own case and Alderman Finegan addressed the jury on his own behalf. The jury was composed of Ed Smith, Ainsworth Brown and Dad Dixon. The testimony was spicy in the extreme, and "dirty blackguard" and "female hyenas" were very ordinary expressions.

Justice Walker, in his most impressive manner instructed the jury, but forgot to tell them the law about collecting their fees. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and the Misses Simpson tried to induce the court to put the Alderman "under bonds to keep the peace." They said they did "not mind the bein' baten, but no man should come in their house and threaten 'em wid a gun."

The court informed the jury that the law does not provide for paying their fees when a verdict of not guilty is rendered, and Juryman Dixon left the court room in high dudgeon.

Yesterday's Fires.

Shortly after 9 o'clock Friday morning Charles Caul's wall paper and paint store on East Pike's Peak avenue was discovered to be on fire. The blaze was in the small store room in the rear and was quickly extinguished by the fire companies. The Jacksons were the first to get a stream on. The stock of wall paper was pretty nearly ruined by water. It is insured for $1,700 in companies represented by M. Kennedy. The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is supposed that oiled rags and a box of sawdust caused spontaneous combustion.

About 7:30 last evening an alarm was turned in from box 42. The fire boys ran to the rear of the Cucharras house, where it was learned that some people had been fumigating a chicken house by the use of fire. Some one had seen the smoke and turned in an alarm.

Concert at the First M. E. Church.

A large and appreciative audience listened to a very interesting programme at the First M. E. Church last evening. The concert opened with an overture acceptably rendered on the piano by Mrs. J. L. Bemis, who also furnished several accompaniments. This was followed by a grand male chorus, Kreutzer's "The Lord's Day"—sung by the Euphonia club, which also sang the closing number, Spohr's "Hymn of Praise," with vigor and precision. They responded to a rousing applause with a college song.

Miss Anna Woodworth sang Braga's "Angel's Serenade," with a violin obligato played by Mr. M. O. Barnes and accompanied on the piano by Mrs. H. H. Seldomridge. Miss Woodworth is evidently a musician of great promise, and possesses a powerful mezzo-soprano voice at once sweet and pure. She was enthusiastically received, and responded neatly with DeKoven's "O, Promise Me."

The College Hose Quartet sang two numbers with good effect, and a quintet sang two German songs by Fred Moehring, which was a novel and interesting feature.

The violin solo by Mr. M. O. Barnes pleased the audience much and he was compelled to play a second time.

Miss Maude McLean gave several recitations in a pleasing manner.

A mixed quartet consisting of Misses Anna Woodworth and Nellie Vaux and Messrs. Thomas Hext and P. M. Bach sang "The Czar's Farewell," which was especially good, their voices blending harmoniously. They responded pleasingly to an enthusiastic encore.

A Musical.

A very delightful musical was held in the parlors of the Green Mountain Falls hotel, on the evening of the 21st, under the auspices of the Congregational society. The audience was large and thoroughly appreciative. Two numbers were contributed by Mrs. W. F. Whiteman of Denver. Her magnificent voice was heard to splendid advantage in her first selection—Becker's "Springtide;" but her "Sunset" by Dudley Buck in the second part of the programme was even more enthusiastically received. In response to hearty encores she sang "Bonney Doon" and "Gretchen." Miss Anna Hedges of St. Louis gave a brilliant rendition of Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," and was recalled. In both selections she sustained her reputation as a pianist of first-class ability. Mrs. Walter Cool of Denver, who is possessed of a rich contralto voice, sang very sweetly Denza's 'Call Me Back." She responded to the demands of her audience in perhaps the most heartily applauded number of the programme, "The Creole Girl." Messrs. Noble and Marsden of Colorado Springs gave variety to the entertainment by the rendering of several very pretty selections on the banjo and guitar. For amateur performers they play skilfully.

The game of ball at Athletic park Saturday resulted in a victory of the Colorado Springs team over Manitou by a score of 16 to 1. The Manitou boys agree that that is a good ratio for silver, but not much for baseball. About two hundred people witnessed the game.

CONTRACTS LET.

W. R. Roby Will Build the Flume and Furnish the Lumber.

All the members of the City Council were in their places when the meeting was called to order recently excepting Alderman Hoyt.

Alderman Taylor of the special committee to inspect the bids for building the flume at Beaver creek, reported that it was the opinion of the committee that it was to the best interest of the city that the bid of the W. R. Roby Lumber company for long leaf yellow pine, delivered at the Cog road depot be accepted, also that the contract for labor to make the flume be let to the Roby Lumber company; also that the Cog road bid for transporting the material be accepted, they to do the loading at the Cog depot in Manitou.

Mayor Strickler stated that in the bidding for the carpenter work there were three bids, all alike, and lots had been drawn for it, the Roby company drawing the lucky number.

Upon motion of Alderman Dunbar the report of the committee was accepted. Later a formal resolution was adopted ratifying the contracts, and the bond of the Roby company was fixed at $1,000.

Before the meeting it was whispered about that some of the Aldermen had prepared to spring a sensation by charging other members of the body with ordering material without the knowledge of the city purchasing agent. Mayor Strickler prevented this by taking the matter into his own hands, and it ended good naturedly. He said that he wished to make a statement: Alderman Taylor, Engineer Reid and himself were the guilty parties and wished to share the responsibility. It had been necessary to purchase about one hundred feet of pipe that had to be here immediately; also the tents for the men to sleep in. They were all very busy at the time getting the plans ready and negotiating the sale of the warrants and had simply forgotten the rule which had been adopted a few nights before. Alderman Taylor had been instructed to buy the things needed, not because they wished to ignore the rule but because they had forgotten it. The city clerk had since issued a proper order for the material. Alderman Robinson moved that they be excused, but Alderman Finegan began to argue the matter, so the motion was withdrawn. Alderman Bumstead told a story that fitted the case and it ended in a laugh.

The Council then adjourned.

MR. FRANKO'S BENEFIT.

The Gala Day of the Season at the Broadmoor Casino.

The prettiest sight of the season was the children at the Casino Saturday afternoon. There were 120 of them, ranging from one year old and upward, and they all had just the best time that ever was, and went home with a pretty present that was good to eat.

By 2 o'clock the cars in town began to fill up with children and their mothers and cousins and aunts—and it took about as many grown folks to escort them as if the performance were a circus. By half-past three, the hour set for beginning, 200 persons were in the building, and promptly on time the dancers began to twirl to the first waltz.

The fancy dancing was particularly good. Miss Mabel Matthews, in cream-white, gave a beautiful skirt dance in perfect time. Miss Jessie Barnes, in black and gold, with castanets on her hands, fairly brought down the house with the Cachuca. The butterfly dance, by little Annie Older, was fairy-like in its grace and beauty. The nursery-rhyme dancers, under Mrs. Waitbeck's competent direction, went off smoothly, and all the waltzes and polkas brought out plenty of small couples.

The great event of the afternoon, however, was the grand march. First came the wee little tots just able to walk, then those a little larger, and so on up to the tall boys and girls of sixteen. Round and round, and in and out they marched, and wound up at a table in the reading room where Mr. Franko himself gave to each one a bonbonniere. It was a beautiful sight, and one that will long be remembered both by participants and spectators.

In the evening, the people were a little slow in coming, but by 9 o'clock the rooms were well filled, and the audience was as enthusiastic as possible. Their enthusiasm was well deserved, for the orchestra has never played better. Every man seemed bound to do his best, and the result was that the whole orchestra played with a spirit and power that was really inspiring. The ensemble was perfect, and every selection was rendered in the happiest manner. Mr. Friedberger fairly excelled himself in his solo, a difficult Fantasia from Rigoletto, and was heartily encored. Mr. Paul Miersch, the violoncellist, was deservedly encored also, and responded with one of the most altogether "fetching" things that has been heard here this season.

In addition to the regular programme, the orchestra played a charming little gavotte composed by Mr. Franko, and a beautiful ballad without words by Mr. Montague Brooke.

The dancing began at 10, and both orchestras played with unusual power and brilliancy. Mr. Barnes and his men held their own with the Broadmoor orchestra, and a continuous strain of music kept the dancers moving swiftly for two hours. A little before 11 the lights were turned out, and remained out for perhaps fifteen minutes; but it was bright moonlight, and as none but ladies and gentlemen were present, this little contretemps only added to the general hilarity.

Artistically and socially, the whole day was a splendid success, and Mr. Franko has the hearty appreciation of all who were present for his unwearied efforts for their entertainment.

The Normal Institute.

Thursday was perhaps the best day of the session so far. Dr. Z. X. Snyder of the State Normal Institute gave addresses on three different subjects during the day.

In the morning address Dr. Snyder discussed the various forces that are used in developing character.

In the afternoon he spoke interestingly of "Education Values," discussing the relative values of different subjects. Values are divided into practical, culture and discipline. Grammar is mostly for discipline. Geography is ranked as of very little practical value but of much culture value. Literature is of 95 per cent. culture value. Arithmetic is ranked only about 20 per cent. practical and 80 per cent. discipline. He spoke highly of the value of music and drawing in the schools.

HILL'S [illegible] Tablets

[illegible] WE GUARANTEE A CURE and invite the most careful investigation as to our responsibility and the merits of our Tablets.

[illegible] TESTIMONIALS

Will completely destroy the desire for TOBACCO in from 3 to 5 days. Perfectly harmless; cause no sickness, and may be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient, who will voluntarily stop smoking or chewing in a few days.

[illegible] can be cured at home, and without any effort on the part of the patient, by the use of our SPECIAL FORMULA GOLD CURE TABLETS.

During treatment patients are allowed the free use of Liquor or Morphine until such time as they shall voluntarily give them up.

We send particulars and pamphlet of testimonials free, and shall be glad to place sufferers from any of these habits in communication with persons who have been cured by the use of our TABLETS.

HILL'S TABLETS are for sale by all FIRST-CLASS druggists at $1.00 per package.

If your druggist does not keep them, enclose us $1.00 and we will send you, by return mail, a package of our Tablets.

Write your name and address plainly, and state whether Tablets are for Tobacco, Morphine or Liquor Habit.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED into purchasing any of the various nostrums that are being offered for sale. Ask for HILL'S TABLETS and take no other.

Manufactured only by

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[illegible]

51, 53 & 55 Opera Block,

LIMA, OHIO.

PARTICULARS

FREE.

TOBACCO HABIT EASILY CURED.

[illegible] TESTIMONIALS from persons who have been cured by the use of HILL'S TABLETS.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:
DEAR SIR:—I have been using your cure for tobacco habit, and found it would do what you claim for it. I used ten cents worth of the strongest chewing tobacco a day, and from one to five cigars; or I would smoke from ten to forty pipes of tobacco. Have chewed and smoked for twenty-five years, and two packages of your Tablets cured me so I have no desire for it.
B. M. JAYLORD, Leslie, Mich.

DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—Some time ago I sent for $1.00 worth of your Tablets for Tobacco Habit. I received them all right and, although I was both a heavy smoker and chewer, they did the work in less than three days. I am cured.
Truly yours, MATHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—It gives me pleasure to speak a word of praise for your Tablets. My son was strongly addicted to the use of liquor, and through a friend, I was led to try your Tablets. He was a heavy and constant drinker, but after using your Tablets but three days he quit drinking, and will not touch liquor of any kind. I have waited four month before writing you, in order to know the cure was permanent. Yours truly,
MRS. HELEN MORRISON.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO:—GENTLEMEN:—Your Tablets have performed a miracle in my case. I have used morphine, hypodermically, for seven years, and have been cured by the use of two packages of your Tablets, and without any effort on my part.
W. L. LOTEGAY.

RESPONSIBLE AGENTS WANTED.

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(In writing please mention this paper.)

At the close of the day Dr. Snyder spoke of the Normal school, explaining the advantages offered and stating that tuition was free and living the cheapest to be found in the State.

Mrs. Ella B. Giddings presented the subject of "Scientific Temperance in the Schools," in an interesting manner, the essay being written by Mrs. E. M. Wiley.

Mr. W. A. Platt of THE GAZETTE was present in the afternoon and made some remarks to the teachers, expressing his interest in the subject of education. He was especially pleased to see that the subject of civics was receiving attention.

Another feature of the day was the address of State Superintendent Murray, on "The Condition of Education in the State as Shown by the Records and Statistics." Superintendent Murray said educational work should equal politics. The last legislature appropriated over $200,000 for reservoirs and other improvements in the State, but refused $750 to support the thirteen institutes of the State. In educational matters politics should be set aside. He would have State taxation for schools and would have but one school in the county and bring the children together and board them. Teachers should be better paid, and country teachers should receive the same wages that city teachers do.

Many visitors were in during the day. The enrollment of members reached eighty-one. The institute adjourned until Monday. Good programmes have been prepared for next week and will be announced later in this paper.

Edward Fabian's Entertainment.

The parlors of The Antlers were well filled last evening to hear Edward Fabian, the reader and singer, and the audience was most pleasantly entertained. Mr. Fabian has a rich baritone voice. His singing of Watson's "Thy Sentinel Am I," and Pinsuti's "The Last Watch" were very pleasing. The short recitations were from various writers, and were not as pleasing as other portions of the programme. For the last part of the programme Mr. Fabian read Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's "The Bell of Sant Basils." It is a beautiful little story, and whatever the reader's shortcomings in the other selections they were all redeemed in the telling of this magnificent bit of word painting. His splendid voice was used with good effect in the pathetic portions. It could not have been done better, and the auditors felt themselves richly paid for attending.

CRIPPLE CREEK TOPICS.

The Latest News from El Paso's Great Gold Camp.

Special Correspondence of THE GAZETTE.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Aug. 23.—The Burns shipped eleven tons of first-class ore to Denver on Monday. It is expected that the lot will average about ten ounces in gold to the ton.

The new working shaft at the Summit is twenty-nine feet deep and it will not be long until it is ready for the new steam hoist which is now on the ground.

The new proprietors of the Gold Geyser mill are fixing it up for business as rapidly as possible.

The Rosebud is dropping forty of its fifty stamps every day and will soon be using them all regularly. The furnaces are ready for use and with their completion the mill will have a fair chance to show what it is capable of.

The Naroc mill, south of town on Cripple Creek, which was recently purchased by Binford & Co., has been put in first-class repair and is now treating a small lot of low grade Gold King ore to test the machinery. It will be regularly at work on Gold King, C. O. D. and Anaconda ore in a few days.

The water works people have two gangs of men at work laying pipe, one in Beaver Park and the other in town, and as the pipe is coming in with considerable rapidity excellent progress is being made.

The people of Arequa are making arrangements to incorporate and give that thriving little town a government of its own. The vote on incorporation will take place a week from Saturday and the election of officers about thirty days later. The town will start with a population of nearly four hundred.

The Wichita will ship fifty tons of ore to the Rosebud mill this week some time. Since it became a producer this mine has shipped 200 tons to the mill and twenty-five tons to the Denver smelters. The returns on the smelting ore are not known but the milling ore ran about $20 to the ton. The Wichita shaft is only fifty feet deep and it can hardly be called a developed mine as yet.

Kelly, Nanter & Richardson have taken a contract for hauling 200 tons of Eclipse ore to the Rosebud mill.

The owners of the Little May are contemplating the erection of a 60-stamp mill in Gold Run gulch, about 1000 feet from their shaft. Their ore has been thoroughly tested and is known to be free milling.

The Gold and Globe mill people have struck rich placer dirt in digging for a well on their mill site.

The Raven shipped a car load of first class ore to Pueblo to-day.

The new castings for the Sylvanite mill have arrived and as soon as they can be put in place the mill will resume operations.

The Gold Geyser mill will begin treating ore again some time this week.

Houlihan & McCoy, the lessees of the Londonderry, have let a contract to Bryar, Knott & Wilmore to run in a tunnel below the shaft to a distance of 350 feet. The shaft is at present ninety-six feet deep and it will be necessary to sink it a total depth of 150 feet to intersect the tunnel. The ore is looking finely and the mine is likely to prove one of the big ones of the camp.

Three carloads of smelting ore have been shipped from the Pharmacist in the last three days and Manager Jones expects to ship two more before the end of the week.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Aug. 25.—The mortar is scarcely dry on the furnaces which have just been added to the big plant of the French syndicate in order to increase its efficiency, and yet the company is making arrangements for an expenditure of $25,000 in the erection of chlorination works. It is stated that the president has telegraphed to Paris for the money and that operations will be commenced as soon as he learns that it is on the road.

Nine men are employed on the Gold King stoping in the upper level. They are getting out first-class ore which is being sacked preparatory to shipment. The Gold King appears to have an abundance of good stoping ground and it is the general impression that a much larger force of men will soon be put at work to open it up. The King ought then to become what it used to be, one of the most regular shippers in the district.

The C. O. D. will ship a car load of its first class ore to-day, which will run over $100 to the ton. The total shipments from this mine for August will reach eighty tons, forty of which is first class and forty, second class, the latter running about $40 to the ton. The shaft is seventy feet deep and the lessees are still sinking on the vein. A few days ago a rich streak of bastard jaspar, three-quarters of an inch in width was encountered on the hanging wall. It is thought that this streak will run about $4,000 to the ton and it will add considerably to the value of the C. O. D. output in the future.

The Summit is giving steady employment to thirty-two men and is getting out thirty-five tons of ore for treatment at the mill every twenty-four hours. Both output and men employed will be considerably increased, however, when the new working shaft is completed and the steam hoister put in place. The Summit boasts of what is probably the only well defined vein thus far discovered on Globe hill, all of the other well known mines in that locality taking their ore from the big deposits which cover a large portion of the hill. The Summit shows a well defined vein five feet wide in which there is a rich streak which assays $2,600 to the ton. In connection with the improvements at the mine the Summit people are arranging to add twenty stamps to their mill; ten for custom work and ten for the treatment of their own ore.

The Deerhorn is not getting out much ore at present, its working force being engaged in straightening up the mine preparatory to the letting of a contract for sinking the shaft 100 feet deeper. It is at present 170 feet in depth.

A new shaft is being sunk on the Hard Times, owned by the Goldstone company, about 200 feet above the old shaft and although the new workings are but little over ten feet deep the indications are excellent. The new shaft will be connected with a drift from the old one.

A new road is being constructed from the Summit mine to the mill, the recent rains having rendered the old road practically impassable.

The lessees of the Star of Bethlehem, belonging to the Banker's company, have ceased trenching and are sinking a shaft which is now ten feet in depth. At twenty feet they will begin drifting.

The New Zealand people have commenced sinking again on their shaft which is 225 feet in depth and are shipping a portion of their dump to the stamp mill for a test run.

The recent shipment from the dump of the Mineral Rock ran $10 to the ton on the plates at the mill.

The lessees of the Grouse struck a good looking vein on Wednesday at a depth of 50 feet. It is two feet wide and shows some free gold but is not the vein they are hunting for. They expect to strike the Pike's Peak vein in the drift which they will start at a depth of 70 feet and from their location and the direction of that vein they have no reason to anticipate disappointment.

The Pike's Peak has 100 sacks of ore at the top of the shaft and will make another shipment about Sept. 1. The machinery for its steam hoist is on the ground and will be put in place before the end of the month. The Pike's Peak gives steady employment to twenty-five men and has a shaft eighty feet in depth, besides a large amount of underground workings. It is out of debt and has paid for everything from the proceeds of a little over thirteen tons of ore, which is all it has shipped since the hole was first opened. The lowest grade of ore shipped by this mine runs $200 to the ton and the high grade four or five times that amount.

The Victor ore is averaging twenty-five ounces to the ton in carload shipments and it is estimated that the mine will net its owners $50,000 for the month of August. The Victor is undoubtedly one of the best, if not the very best, gold mine in Colorado.

A 30-ton shipment from the dump of the John A. Logan to the Beaver Park stamp mill showed a saving of $14 per ton on the plates, which added to the values on the concentrates and tailings, made the value per ton $25. The remainder of the dump will be shipped to the Beaver Park mill at once. A new shaft is being sunk on the vein and it will not be long until the Logan will be a steady shipper to the smelters. The vein is five or six feet wide and the rich streak on the hanging wall, which assays $600 to the ton, is eight inches wide. James Casey, one of the owners of the claim, has leased the lower portion of the ground and is opening up a shaft in which the same vein has been encountered at a depth of ten feet 200 feet lower down the hill.

The Wolfe Tone, owned by the Cardinal Newman company, shows a 4½-foot vein at a depth of twenty-six feet containing a pay streak fifteen inches wide which assays $250 to the ton. Father Wolfe is interested in this company.

The Sylvanite mill started again on Tuesday and is now running on ore from the Blue Bell and Raven dumps to test the new concentrators invented by [illegible] Cranmer of the Work Mining company. These have already been tested on Work ore and saved a much larger per cent. than any other mill in the camp.

Ex-Senator Dorsey has returned to camp, and is pretty busy examining some promising looking properties.

Thomas McMurtry has leased the surface ground of the Deerhorn and ten stamps at the Rosebud mill and has a force of men at work getting out the dirt and hauling it to the mill. He began work yesterday. B.

Mr. Verner Z. Reed of this city has a well-written article descriptive of the Southern Utes, among whom he recently spent a month, in the September number of the Californian Magazine. The article is completely illustrated much of the work being that of Mr. Chas. Craig of this city.

"The Best Gold of All."

Upon all the unhappiness and blank discontent prevailing in the East will presently shut down the thick cloud of fog and mist which begins to gather itself in September and increases as the season advances, chilling the very bones and spirit with gloom. All the winter the East will be enveloped in that bank of clouds, while the bright and dry and sunny arid lands will bask in the sunlight—the best gold of all.

Out of the turmoil of the legislators something good for the West may come, or it may not; but the West is a good place anyhow.—Pueblo Chieftain.

The Commission of the State Land Board will be at Cripple Creek on Monday, Aug. 28, to examine the work done by applicants for leases on section 36, township 15, range 70.

Dr. Hoyt, the pastor of the Congregational church at Oak Park, Ill., who has been filling the pulpit of the Congregational church of this city, returns to Chicago on Monday. Dr. Gregg is expected home Friday.

THE PICNIC.

Sunflower Club's First Annual Jaunt a Success.

MRS. FARR KNOWS HOW.

She Managed The Gazette's Picnic for the Newsboys Yesterday—The Citizens Provided the Necessaries and the Boys Did the Rest.

"Was you at de picnic, Skinnie?" "Yah." "Great sport; 'rah for Mother Farr and de GAZETTE!" All the newsboys in the city were at the picnic yesterday given by THE GAZETTE and managed by Mrs. Sarah Farr of Minneapolis. There were sixty of them. You would hardly believe there were so many of them, would you, but just try to count them up. The list included not only the boys who sell papers but the youngsters who carry them, not only of THE GAZETTE and The Telegraph, but of the four Denver papers that are sold here regularly. A majority of them are young fellows who are school boys and who sell or deliver papers to help themselves to a few extra dimes, and who have good homes in the city. A goodly number, however, are typical boys of the street, such as are found in all the larger cities and who make their living in that way. They are not tough boys by a good deal, but a livelier gang never got together in this world. In the great republic of boyhood all are free and equal, and the best one wins. There are a whole lot of poor old cranky people to whom it would have been a revelation if they could have joined that picnic gang yesterday. It would have rubbed off a few rough spots, and shown them how small a place in life they hold. The little red headed, barefooted urchin, who could make a bean disappear up his nostril, was the hero of the hour and the admired of all observers. Such is fame.

At 10 30 yesterday morning the Denver papers arrived and by 11 o'clock they were all sold. That is after that hour there was no one left to offer them, for the gang was all in front of the Gazette office. For a few minutes while the badges and sunflowers were being connected, traffic on the south side of Pike's Peak avenue ceased. There was the greatest hustling, talking and noise and yet good order prevailed. The only "little unpleasantness" of the day occurred at this time but the combatants were quickly separated. When all was ready Mr. Poley, the photographer, put the crowd in position and took two negatives. In a few minutes more a Rapid Transit car hove in sight, there was a great scramble for places, the lunch was stacked up in one corner and they were off. Then began the riot in earnest. From Pike's Peak avenue to the Manitou depot there was one continuous yell. It ranged from the weak piping of the little fellow to the falsetto of the youngster who is just at the period when the voice is getting a few masculine notes in it. Mingled in the din in friendly rivalry was—GAZETTE, Telegraph, News, Times, Sun and Republican. The imaginative writer of the Milwaukee Sentinel who has discovered music in the cries of the Colorado Springs newsboys should have been there. The entire route of the party throughout the day was an ovation—hats were off and waving handkerchiefs backed by smiling faces greeted the boys on every hand. Anything else was useless in fact, for they owned the earth and had taken possession. The party arrived at Manitou at noon. It may not be generally known, but the boys were onto the fact, that just back of the Rapid Transit depot is a nice little grove fitted up with tables and benches for picnics.

Possession was taken of this and here the luncheon was served. What a feast it was, too, that the gods had provided—otherwise the good people of Colorado Springs. There were stacks of sandwiches, cakes and pies, cheese, cookies and the best of everything. Hemenway & Bish had sent two water melons, and just before the car started Harry Leonard, E. S. Woolley, E. Barnett and Dr. Grannis put forty pounds of pears on board, and with these delicacies the feast ended. The order was first rate while the meal was being served, excepting that a few had to be pretty skillful if he dodged all the watermelon rinds thrown.

After the meal a line of march was taken up for the Cave of the Winds. Then great fun began and the people of Manitou rushed out of their houses to learn if the Utes had come back to claim the springs. It did not take them long to catch on, for three of the boys carried banners inscribed, "Colorado Springs News Boys' Sunflower Club No. 1, Picnic Given by THE GAZETTE, Managed by Mrs. Farr of Minneapolis." All of them had neat badges properly inscribed.

It was a long, hard pull for some of the little fellows up to the Cave of the Winds, but they all got there, even Alex, the boy who has lost one feet. At the cave Mr. Rhinehart, the owner, met them and with three guides took the party on a tour of inspection. This was Mr. Rhinehart's treat and the boys gave him many hearty cheers that made the old caves ring. It is doubtful if a more appreciative body of people ever entered the caves, and the oh's! and ah's! that greeted each new wonder would have excited the ambition of the most blase of guides. In spite of the many steps there was not a single mishap, and at 3 o'clock the crowd emerged into the sunlight again.

After a drink at the soda springs the party came back to near the depot and took possession of the little side street in front of the Hiawatha club where the races were held. The managers of the club sent their big telescope out into the street and every boy took a look at the top of the Peak. Then the races began. They did not amount to much as races but there was lots of sport. The gang would crowd around so that it was almost impossible to keep track of them, and there was such a clamor, even by youngsters who did not enter the races, that the results were very doubtful. There were two egg and spoon races. Bob Epperson received a silk handkerchief for winning one, and Bobbie Baldwin received a knife.

There were two or three three-legged races. Charley Dooley and "Kansas" Morse got the ball and suspenders, Marion Reed (colored) and Billie Bover got the knife and cap, Ed. Pohoff and Frank Tell got prizes and so did Claud Munsel and A. Collins.

In the sack race Harry Neal got the first prize, a bottle, and Matt Sigler the hair brush. Bob Bickford came over the line first but had a hole in his sack so that he could walk. The greatest fun of the day was the pie race. Twenty-four boys were given half a pie each and stood up in a line. Frank Tell was the first to finish, but he already had a prize, so that John Root got the pin and Roy Bidout the candy.

As it was getting late and The Evening Telegraph boys had to get home the rest of the races were postponed until this afternoon. They will be run in The Antlers park at 2 o'clock.

On the return journey the noise was again taken up, and many were the cheers given for Mother Farr and all concerned in helping the first annual picnic of the Sunflower club to be a success. All the boys were there—Skinny, Possum, Dutch, Shorty, and Hans, but they were all respectful and gentlemanly throughout. Hardly a half-dozen "cuss" words escaped during the day and only one cigarette stump was produced for consumption.

The following is a list of the donations: Holbrook & Perkins, two neckties, a cap and suspenders; C. E. Evans & Co., two pairs of hose; China Jim, box of toys; Miller Candy company, two boxes of candy; W. H. Roby & Co., three ball bats and ten sacks for racing; Briggs & Smith, hair brush; C. E. Durkee, half dozen pocket knives; Thomas Gough, one dozen pies; N. O. Johnson & Sons, two pairs of suspenders; College Bookstore, one book; G. S. Barnes & Son, knives and spoons; A. A. Waling, four boxes of bon bons; D. Ashby, gold scarf pin; Vorhes Bros., pair of shoes; A. M. Swain, base ball, belts, pair of gloves, pocketbook and toy pistol; E. F. McCloskey, apples and candy; C. E. Aiken, harmonica; Giddings Bros. & Bent, two neckties; E. T. O'Brien, bridle; Wilbur Dry Goods company, silk handkerchief; J. M. Geddes, buns and cakes; Ed Lowther, sandwiches and cakes; Robertson & Co., scarf pin; Cox's Cash store, necktie; F. G. Armbustor, scarf pin. These presents were all collected by Mrs. Farr.

To Mrs. Farr is due the credit for the success of the undertaking, and no doubt a word about her will be of interest. Mrs. Sarah Farr is a woman about fifty years of age, although she does not look it. She is a woman of means and one who has made her own way in the world. This sort of thing is her particular fad, just as some women take up kindergartens, temperance, etc. She is business from the word go and the boys soon learn to respect her, and it is wonderful what an influence she soon has over them. She turns it to their own good. A little oath slips out in her presence, and is not met with a look of sanctimonious horror, but the offender realizes that it must not occur again.

Many years ago Mrs. Farr was left a widow with two boys to raise and no means. She set to work energetically and was soon established in the hair dressing business in Minneapolis. Her business has grown now until she has thirty employees and is able to take her leisure. Thirteen years ago she took up this work among the newsboys, and the result is the Newsboys' union in Minneapolis with a membership of 450, the Newsboys' Home, a substantial building, and a Bootblacks' and Newsboys' Savings club. She has seen some of the toughest boys in Minneapolis turned into useful men, and some of them are prominent men to-day. Mrs. Farr's health failed last winter and she went to California. Her energy had to find an outlet and she again took up her work among the boys. This summer she came here and has been at work with the youngsters. She has a kindly and pleasant way that takes with the boys, and they obey her in everything. It is on record in Minneapolis that she once dispelled a mob of the boys that the police could not handle.

State Championship Tennis.

The Third Annual Tennis tournament for the championship of the Rocky Mountain States will be held in Denver, beginning Wednesday, September 6, 1893. The championship in singles and doubles will be decided and players from Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico and Colorado are especially invited to enter. Entries will be received by the secretary of the Denver Athletic club up to Tuesday, September 5, and should be accompanied by the fee of $1 for entry in singles, and $2 for each pair in doubles.

It is the intention to make of this the most successful meeting ever held west of Chicago, and it is earnestly hoped every section of the Rocky Mountain region will be represented.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Yellow Skin or Kidney Trouble. It is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Price 75c. Sold by F. E. Robinson.

To restore hair to its natural color as in youth, cause it to grow abundant and strong, there is no better preparation than Hall's Hair Renewer.

The County Commissioners had a sum of money left unexpended from the appropriation made last fall for exhibiting and advertising at the World's Fair. They have decided to appropriate a part of this money to defray the expenses of Captain De Coursey at the Fair as an agent in directing travel this way and in giving information, as his work has been found to be quite valuable. The Chamber of Commerce of this city will try to induce the Cripple Creek people to get up a book on the camp for the Captain to distribute, and Manitou will also send more of its literature. He has picked up a lot of mineral in small bits and the visitors to the Colorado building are given souvenirs.

Editor John Arkins of the Denver News telephoned Monday that the Denver Chamber of Commerce will send a full delegation to the Washington meeting, Sept. 12. As the Denver chamber has 300 members its delegation will be a large one. They consider the Washington meeting of more importance to silver than the Chicago convention.

Karl's Clover Root, the new Blood Purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the Complexion and cures Constipation. 25c., 50c. and $1.00. Sold by F. E. Robinson.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Arsenic and quinine are dangerous drugs to accumulate in one's system, and it is to be hoped that these poisons, as a remedy for ague, have had their day. Ayer's Ague Cure is a sure antidote for the ague, is perfectly safe to take, and is warranted to cure.

The arrangements for the races at the Country Club next Monday and Tuesday are being completed. A large number of good horses will be entered for the various events. The entries for the free-for-all and 2 year-old trotting races will close next Thursday. Running entries will close Saturday, and all other entries close the night before the race. Entries should be made to Mr. S. W. Vidler at the Elk stable, in this city, and the fees must be paid when the entry is made. All the trotting races will be made according to the American association rules and the running races according to the American Turf congress rules.

The secretary of the Amateur Athletic association has written an opinion that the prizes won by Fred Manning at the Country club races on August 8 cannot be taken by him as he must be considered a professional. Manning ran with the Crowell Hose company at Manitou and in one of the teams from this city a professional runner was put in and unknown to the other teams. Then again, the prizes on that occasion were money prizes. The ruling makes every man who participated in the Manitou races a professional. However it will come up again for final decision on September 2, at the association meeting. The ruling seems very unjust as Manning and the other members of the companies did not receive a cent of the money won at the races.

Don't buy a blood purifier because it is "cheap". The best—the superior Medicine—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is, in the end, the cheapest blood-purifier in the market. The ingredients of which it is composed are the most expensive and medicinally efficacious that can be obtained.

The water works committee of the city council sent a gang of fourteen men up on Pike's Peak Monday to begin the construction of a road from the railroad track to Beaver creek for hauling the material to construct the flume and dam. A force of about forty men will be put at work in a short time.

Mr. Fred F. Horn has put his lapidist business and curio store into a stock company. Articles of incorporation of the Horn Western Gem and Lapidist company were filed Monday. The capital stock is $10,000 and the incorporators are Fred F. Horn, M. B. Irvine and W. R. Barnes.

Hon. Irving Howbert and daughter returned Sunday from the World's Fair. Mr. Howbert is greatly pleased with the big show. He believes Captain De Coursey is doing a good work for Colorado at the Fair, judging from what came under his personal observation.

The funeral of Mrs. F. F. Costello was held at Florissant on Sunday and was largely attended. A number went up from this city.

It was imagined by many people that the mining stocks, especially the silver stocks, would go to pieces after the vote in Congress Monday. Yesterday's markets, however, did not show this to be the case. Mollie Gibson only fell off a few points. There was really no trading in the stock, however. The price is quoted from $1.70 to $1.80. Naturally there is nothing doing in the other silver stocks, and in fact has not been for two months. In the Cripple Creeks there were large sales of Calumet yesterday at about 2c, and a block of 10,000 Anchoria-Leland at 6c.

The stenographers of this city, Colorado City and Manitou will meet next Monday evening to consider the question of organization. They will meet at the Business college in the Bank block.

For the National Encampment G. A. R. at Indianapolis, September 4 to 13, the D. & R. G. agents are authorized to sell tickets to Chicago or St. Louis at the World's Fair cut rates. The rate from Chicago to Indianapolis and return is $3.65; St. Louis $4.80.

Frederick H. Fowler has declared his intention in the District court of becoming a citizen of the United States.

Justice Snider last evening united in marriage John P. Kemp and Sophelia Z. Clark, both of this city. The ceremony took place at 8 o'clock.

The session of El Paso lodge of Masons last evening was largely attended. Masons from all the lodges of this vicinity being present by invitation. Grand Master Wright was present. The third degree was conferred, and at the close of the work the Grand Master made a speech that is highly spoken of by all the fraternity present.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

Programme for To-day—A Social this Evening.

Besides the regular class work, the institute has been fortunate in having something especially original and interesting each day. Yesterday was no exception. The easy and somewhat informal talk from Professor Williams on "Memory Training" was listened to with marked attention and received a round of applause at the close.

Miss Fonetta Flansburg read a very spicy paper on "Literature."

In the afternoon Mr. W. A. Platt of THE GAZETTE, gave a lively talk on "Civics in the Schools." He prefaced his speech with a burlesque on the number of subjects taught in the schools which was quite amusing. He began by putting a list of subjects on the board which should be taught in the schools. He wrote to the number of forty-two, giving reasons why each should be taught, stating that he would not take time to make his list exhaustive at all. He would have civics come in with the essentials, following reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and history, and would not rank drawing, music and literature among the essentials, although they are important subjects in themselves. He does not think the home should be omitted from among the educational forces.

Among the special features of to-day's programme will be an address on "Language," by Superintendent P. K. Pattison of the city schools, at 9 a. m. Miss Flansburg continues the subject of "Literature," at 9:30. At 2 p. m. Professor L. R. Mutch of Pueblo will speak on "The Natural Qualifications of the Teacher."

There will be a social in the auditorium at 8 p. m. for the teachers and their friends. A short programme of music and recitations will be given.

School Notice.

The public schools of this city will open Tuesday, Sept. 5, Monday being a legal holiday. In order that pupils may be properly classified it is very important that all who expect to attend be present on the first day of school.

In the entering primary grade pupils are allowed to enter only within the first six weeks of the first term as no classes for beginners will be formed after this time. Pupils who will be six years of age, on or before Jan. 1, should enter on Sept. 5.

Those pupils who failed of promotion at the June examination may take the supplementary examination to be held in the High School building September first and second, beginning at 9 o'clock a. m.

Every pupil who was in school last year should bring his report card to show the grade he is entitled to enter.

All pupils living on the West Side, above the fourth grade, will report at the High School for assignment on the first day of school.

Assignment of teachers will appear in the Sunday issue of THE GAZETTE.

There will be a meeting of the principals on Monday, Sept. 4, at the High school building at 3 p. m.

The superintendent will be at his office all day Monday and Tuesday.

P. K. PATTISON,
Superintendent.

Koetting Goes Back.

DENVER, Aug. 28.—John B. Koetting, the fugitive cashier of the failed South Side Savings bank of Milwaukee, was in the West Side criminal court this afternoon. He was discharged on the old extradition warrant and promptly rearrested on a new one. He then voluntarily decided to go back to Milwaukee tonight with Detective McManus, though he might have delayed matters greatly by demanding a hearing on new habeas corpus proceedings.

The Union Pacific Cut.

OMAHA, Aug. 28.—The expected cut in salaries of employees of the Union Pacific is now a reality. The order was made public to-day and the cut goes into effect in September. Every officer and employee of the road receiving $70 or more per month is affected. The cut ranges from 10 to 20 per cent.

AT HAND.

In a dangerous emergency, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is prompt to act and sure to cure. A dose taken on the first symptoms of Croup or Bronchitis, checks further progress of these complaints. It softens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed membrane, and induces sleep. As a remedy for colds, coughs, loss of voice, la grippe, pneumonia, and even consumption, in its early stages,

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

excels all similar preparations. It is endorsed by leading physicians, is agreeable to the taste, does not interfere with digestion, and needs to be taken usually in small doses.

"From repeated tests in my own family, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved itself a very efficient remedy for colds, coughs, and the various disorders of the throat and lungs."—A. W. Bartlett, Pittsfield, N. H.

"For the last 25 years I have been taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for lung troubles, and am assured that its use has

Saved My Life

I have recommended it to hundreds. I find the most effective way of taking this medicine is in small and frequent doses."—T. M. Matthews, P. M., Sherman, Ohio.

"My wife suffered from a cold, nothing helped her but Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which effected a cure."—R. Amero, Plympton, N. S.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

YOUR FAVORITE HOME NEWSPAPER

—AND—

The Leading Republican Family Paper of the United States

ONE YEAR FOR ONLY $1.50

THE WEEKLY GAZETTE

Gives all the news of Town, County and State, and as much National news as any other paper of its class.

Your Home would be Incomplete without it.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

Is a NATIONAL FAMILY PAPER, and gives all the general news of the United States and the World. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. It has separate departments for "THE FAMILY CIRCLE," and "OUR YOUNG FOLKS." Its "HOME AND SOCIETY" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive. Its "AGRICULTURAL" department has no superior in the country. Its "MARKET REPORTS" are recognized authority in all parts of the land.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and THE WEEKLY GAZETTE for one year

For Only $1.50, Cash in Advance.

N. Y. Weekly Tribune, regular price per year	$1 00
The Weekly Gazette, " " " "	1 25
TOTAL	$2 25
We furnish both papers one year for	$1.50

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Address all orders to

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BUSINESS LOCALS.

Ten cents per line for first insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements to go in every other issue, ten cents per line for each insertion.

See those Quadruple Silver Tea Sets at Ashby's, cheaper than glass. A special drive—cannot be duplicated. Pay $5 on one and secure it.

NOTICE.

I hereby announce myself as candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

WALTER WHITMORE.

WANTED.

WANTED—To Trade house of 4 small rooms with lot this city, for cattle. No objection to taking 2 horses. Address "Trade," this office.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A ranch and stock on Tarry All creek in Park county, Colo. The ranch contains 480 acres with plenty of water and forty-five head of milch cows, nine head of horses and good buildings, and all necessary farming utensils. For particulars address Mrs. Mary Williams, Mountain Dale, Park County, Colo.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Estate of the Colorado Midland Hotel Company.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that The Colorado Midland Hotel Company, a corporation, organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Colorado, and having its principal office in the City of Colorado Springs County of El Paso and State of Colorado, did on the 25th day of July, A. D. 1893, transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all its property, real and personal for the benefit of its creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said The Colorado Midland Hotel Company are hereby notified to present such claims under oath or affirmation to me at Colorado Springs, in said county, within three months from this date.

GEORGE R. BUCKMAN,
Dated Aug. 9, 1893. Assignee.

PUBLICATION NOTICE.

LAND OFFICE AT PUEBLO, Colo.,
August 19, 1893.

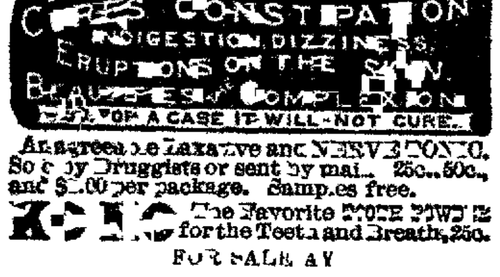
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of County Court of El Paso county Colo., at Colorado Springs, Colo., on October 4, 1893, viz

James Williams, D. S. No. 16,389 for the se¼ nw¼ s½ ne¼, and Lot 1 of ne¼ of sec 6, tp 16, rg 61w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

David L. Rhodes, William T. Hill, John Harrelson and Launcelot Bell, all of Fountain, Colo.

FRANK E. BALDWIN, Register.

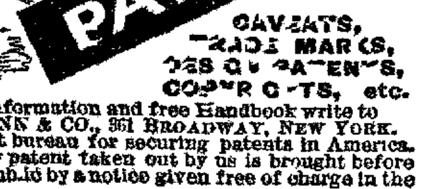


An agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

KONO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

FOR SALE BY

F. E. ROBINSON, Druggist.



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LAWYER.

No. 16 North Nevada Avenue.

Special attention given to Probate business

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, by a certain deed of trust dated April 20, 1891, recorded in book 140 on page 394 of the records of the Recorder's office of El Paso county, Colorado, C. Robert Fleming did convey unto the undersigned, J. E. Lundstrom, as trustee, the following described premises, situated in the County of El Paso, State of Colorado, known and described as follows: Lot three (3), block one hundred and seventy nine (179), in the town of Colorado City. Said deed of trust being made, executed and delivered for the purpose of securing the payment of a promissory note made by the said C. Robert Fleming bearing even date with said deed of trust, being April 20, 1891, payable to the order of J. E. Lundstrom, three (3) years after date thereof, bearing interest at the rate of ten (10) per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, and did in said deed of trust stipulate and agree that in case default should be made in the payment of said promissory note or any part thereof or in the interest thereon, then upon application of the legal holder of said promissory note, the said J. E. Lundstrom as trustee as aforesaid should sell and dispose of said premises and all the right, title, benefit and equity of redemption of said C. Robert Fleming at public auction to the highest and best bidder and, whereas Wilhelmina Lundstrom the legal holder of said note has applied to the undersigned as trustee aforesaid to sell and dispose of the above described premises as provided in said deed of trust, for the payment of said note, interest, and costs of sale, the said C. Robert Fleming having failed to pay the interest upon said note semi-annually as the same became due, or any part thereof now therefore at the request of said legal holder of said note and for the further reason that default has been made in the payment of the interest thereon, by virtue of the authority in me vested by the terms and conditions of said deed of trust I, J. E. Lundstrom, trustee as aforesaid, do hereby give notice that on Saturday the 2d day of September, 1893, at ten o'clock a. m. of that day at the front door being the east door, of the county court house in the city of Colorado Springs, County of El Paso, State of Colorado, I will sell the above described property and all right, title, interest, benefit and equity of redemption of said C. Robert Fleming his heirs and assigns therein, at public auction at the highest and best price the same will bring in cash, for the purpose of paying said note, accrued interest, and all costs of this trust, including all moneys advanced for taxes insurance and other liens, with interest thereon at ten per cent. per annum.

Dated at Colorado Springs, this 29th day of July, 1893.

JOHN E. LUNDSTROM, Trustee.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT PUEBLO, COLO.,
Aug. 7, 1893.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of County Court of El Paso county, Colorado, at Colorado Springs, Colo., on October 12, 1893 viz

Charles W. Long, H. E. No. 4293 for the ne¼ ne¼ sec 7, w½ nw¼ and nw¼ sw¼, sec 8, tp 13 s, rg 65 w

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Henry C. Woolsey, Herbert Skinner, George B. Southcotte and De Long Williams, all of Colorado Springs P. O., Colo.

FRANK E. BALDWIN, Register.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an alias execution Fi Fa and Fee bill, issued out of the Clerk's office of the District Court of El Paso County and State of Colorado, and to me directed whereby I am commanded to make the sum of four thousand, nine hundred and twenty eight dollars ($4928.00) and costs of suit, the amount of a certain judgment obtained against Henry E. Freeman in favor of James H. B. McFerran out of the lands, tenements, goods and chattels of the said Henry E. Freeman, I have levied on the following property, to wit

All the right, title and interest of defendant in and to lot No. 9 in block No. 92 in the city of Colorado Springs, El Paso county, Colorado.

Therefore, according to said command I shall expose for sale at public auction all the right, title and interest of the above named Henry E. Freeman in and to the above described property, on Friday, the 1st day of September, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the front (east) door of the County Court House in Colorado Springs, El Paso County, Colorado.

Dated at Colorado Springs, this 8th day of August, 1893.

M. F. BOWERS,
Sheriff of El Paso county.

Date of first publication, August 10th, 1893.
Date of last publication August 31st, 1893.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a special execution or lien foreclosure, etc., issued out of the Clerk's office of the District Court of El Paso County and State of Colorado, and to me directed, whereby I am commanded to make the sum of eleven hundred fifty-seven and 92-100 dollars, ($1157.92), and costs of suit, the amount of a certain judgment recently obtained against The Cripple Creek Placer Mining and Milling Company in favor of A. B. Brannon, out of the lands, tenements, goods and chattels of the said The Cripple Creek Placer Mining Company by selling the following property, to-wit

The "Julia Ann" placer mine, the "My Emma" placer mine, the "Olly" placer mine, and the "Unexpected" placer mine, all situate in the Cripple Creek mining district, El Paso County, Colorado.

Therefore, according to said command I shall expose for sale, at public auction, all the right, title and interest of the above named The Cripple Creek Placer Mining Company in and to the above described property, on Friday the 1st day of September, 1893, at 10 30 o'clock a. m. at the front (east) door of the County Court house in Colorado Springs, El Paso County, Colorado.

Dated at Colorado Springs this 8th day of August, 1893.

M. F. BOWERS,
Sheriff of El Paso County.

Date of first publication Aug. 10th 1893.
Date of last publication Aug. 31st. 1893

LINUS E. SHERMAN.

[illegible]

Will practice before any Land Office, and the Pension Department. Contests and difficult cases a specialty.

[illegible] Pike's Peak avenue, Colorado Springs